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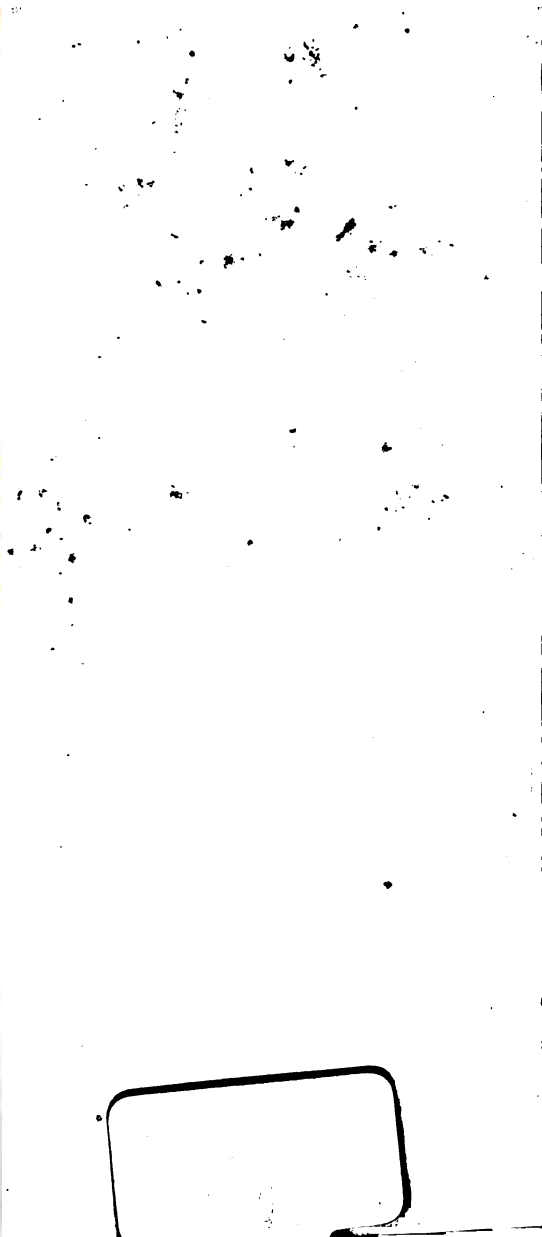
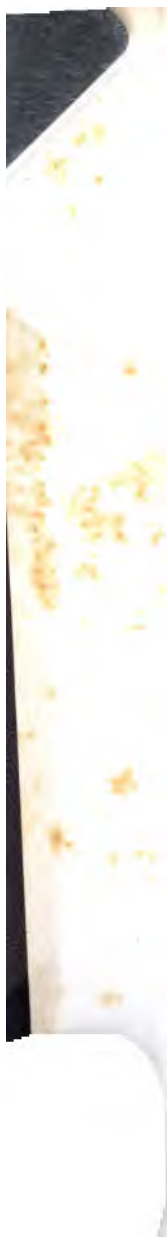
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# The Humorous Parson.



**J. DERRY, PRINTER, NOTTINGHAM.**

THE  
HUMOROUS PARSON

BY  
E. J. SILVERTON.



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PRICE ONE SHILLING.

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*3<sup>rd</sup> edition. ( ? )*

LONDON :  
DICKINSON & HIGHAM, FARRINGDON ST., E.C.  
1874.

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## PREAMBLE.

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**I**T would perhaps be impossible to write a Book to please everyone, and it would be equally impossible to write a Book that would please no one. The Humorous Parson will, I have not a doubt, be thought by some to be far too humorous for the production of a minister of Christ, others will condemn the book on the ground that it is not half funny enough, while many will decide that the spice has been put in with a careful hand. We have used great plainness of speech—we have not called hell “Pandemonium” nor a lie “equivocation;” indeed, we have tried to tear off the genteel covering of every crime named in this little work. The language is that of the masses—plenty of hard hitting, and little mercy for wrong doing. It may not be acceptable to the *upper ten*, nor the fastidious circle, but the thousands of John Bulls, with all their sisters, we are vain enough to think will find themselves at home with it. May it be found at home with them! Why good advice should not be given in a merry form we know not. Even the gospel is made a dull story by dull preachers and authors. Our aim has

ever been to speak and write in such a way that the people would receive what was offered to them; and, after twenty years, we feel more than ever convinced of the righteousness of our position. We think that wit and humor may be lawfully used on the side of truth. Why should all that is cheerful, or even the funny, be pushed out of religion? Facetiousness is sanctified when it gains the ear and makes it listen to the royal truths of the Book of God.

If this book gains the eye, and conveys to the heart a plain spoken gospel, presented, as it is, in a curt manner, the critics might as well praise the book! But they are at liberty to do as they will—our consolation will be, should they put their sword across our throat, that the Humorous Parson is in company with ten thousand of *bad* books which they, in their righteous indignation have passed sentence upon! It is not to be wondered at that we think the child a nice creature, and believe it will live and become strong. We hope it will not live as a little consumptive, inoffensive mortal, without the power to make itself heard in the land. Should it scratch some one in the face, or put its fingers in somebody's eyes, or tempt some one to slap it, it will only go to show that it is a strong baby. Some will not like the name of the child, others will complain of its dress; but, when all such have uttered their little speeches, there will still be left for the Humorous Parson a congregation numbering vastly more than those who may choose to dislike this volume. We say with Pilate

what we have written we have written; we cannot undo what we have done if we would, and we would not if we could. So we leave it with the public.

We are quite willing to admit that the sermons are not after the fashion of the black-cloth white-tie order!

It may be thought that, as a reverend, E. J. S. had no right to write such a book. All that we can say is, we don't believe in *black crape*—neither in the pulpit nor out of it. Murders and shipwrecks may be a pleasing chapter for the eyes of some, but the great mass of readers like the droll. Gold may be placed in an odd purse, and so may a truth in humorous phraseology. There is no need to put on the black cap to preach the gospel in, nor the fool's cap either! If any one complains of froth, we assure them that good beer always has plenty!!! Wheat don't grow without chaff; but should there be found any in these pages, let it be known that it is the best kind of chaff ever found on any farm.

We recommend the book to the eyes of a generous public, we believe they will take it to their hearts. If we err in our judgment, our cry shall be—

Please to pity the poor blind.

E. J. SILVERTON.

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## THE HUMOROUS PARSON.

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### I.

#### “THERE’S LIFE IN A BARKER AND DEATH IN A ROARER.”

“A living dog is better than a dead lion.”—*Ecclesiastes ix. 4.*

**D**ISPLAY is one great feature in the world’s exhibition. Men are fond of making a show. They love pomp and greatness, and they are ever trying, as men say, to turn the best side to London.

Pretence and profession are the great leaders in the fashionable world.

The lion, and not the dog, is shown. A real lion,—a lion in all his glory and splendour. It might be said in many cases, “Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, and see the ~~live~~ lions of pride and fashion;” and it might be also added, “Stuffed with straw.”

In Trafalgar Square, London, there are four lions—one at each point of the base of Nelson’s Column. They are beautifully worked, and are a handsome set-off to that part of the West End; but



a spiteful little terrier dog would do more to protect Lord Nelson against an invasion than these four dead roarers.

Some time ago the head of the police was successful in having put to death a great number of street barkers, and dead dogs were in great abundance; if he could have also put to death the *dead roarers* which then, as well as now, lift their brazen heads, it would have been a most excellent thing.

But men will keep up the lion of appearance.

The gilt on the gingerbread is everything, it makes it sell; and it would seem as if the world had been trying to prove King Solomon wrong in his conclusions concerning the dog and the lion.

Give dead lions the most prominent places in the city. Stand them on the steps of our mansions—at the doors of commerce—in the bridge ways—and in all public gardens: nay, let the lion be typical of England's greatness, and still a few living dogs shall be of more service to the country than all these fashioned blocks of stone and metal. For a dog will worry a thief, kill a rat, and alarm a foe.

A living dog is better than a dead lion. A pair of lions at your front door, one on each side, would not deter a housebreaker half so much as a good barker in the back yard, who would constantly inform his visitors that he was prepared to insert his teeth in any part of any gentleman's leg, for the special benefit of his master.

We want the useful rather than the beautiful. A stuffed lion is very well, but he could not kill a mouse; while many a pleasing tale may be told of living dogs: they have been protectors of property and important members of the Humane Society. But what shall we say of dead lions? We can only say as the boy did of his kitten, "Its a dead un!"

A good farthing is better than a bad sovereign; and one real friend is more to be valued than a hundred pretenders.

A loving heart is better than a smiling face; but to marry them, better still. The church is protected by a living Saviour; but the defence of the world is in dead lions.

A living backslider has more hope of heaven than a dead sinner. This is hard for a natural man to understand. We don't believe a man to be a Christian unless he walks like one, and shows the true signs of one. It is a fearful thing for a man who has once walked in the ways of the Lord to depart from them. If you, my poor brother, ever tasted that the Lord was gracious, if you were really brought to Jesus at first, you may yet be restored to all the joys of Christ's religion. There is more hope of your soul going to heaven than the dead sinner who has never sought for mercy; you are a child, although you have run away from home, and broken the Father's law. You have spoiled your religious garments, spotted them with

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the mud of your sins, yet God is your Father, and He has the best robe, which He will put on you when you return. Oh, come home; come home. "Ah! Sir," you say, "I have been away so long." That's just why you should at once return. "Ah!" says another, "I have sinned so greatly since I was first called, and I feel ashamed to come." Well, there's all the more need why you should come, even now. Oh, come home; come home.

I say there is more hope of heaven for this poor backsliding brother than some who have never known the Lord. The backslider can pray for God to bless, as in days past. He can say, "Thou hast blessed me, and I have rejoiced in Thee, and there is still in my soul some love to Thee, oh, my God." But a dead sinner is a dead lion and cannot plead anything of the kind. He has never in all his life bowed the knee to God. Remember, prayerless man, you have nothing to boast of. The backslider has some life, you have none. God will complete the work began.

"Come into the fold,  
Come out of the cold,  
Don't wait till you're old,  
The devil won't scold,  
If to him you're sold,  
Then for Jesus be bold,  
Before you are rolled  
Right into your grave."

Again. The most humble of church members are of more use in the church than many who seem great and important. Mrs. Shy-body does more for the cause than Mr. Big-man. Mrs. Shy-body is a little unassuming woman, who is ever running to and fro, doing good for the cause; not trying to hurt people's minds by telling what she has heard, such as—"I say, Mrs. So-and-So has had two new bonnets this summer, I am sure she cannot afford it." There are too many of this sort, who do a great deal of harm. But it is not so with Mrs. Shy-body; she is ever saying some kind word to somebody,—not sowing the seeds of discord. She would not tell you if she heard a bad report about you. She don't like to tell bad news; if she cannot make people happy, she will not make them unhappy. The minister and deacons do not take much notice of this good woman; the church does not notice her. This she likes all the better, for she is very shy, and does not wish to be observed. What she does she does for the Lord, with her heart in the right place. She is indeed of value to any church. But it is not thus with Mr. Big-man. He is a fine man, and tall, with a large waistcoat and a long purse! a most important individual! If he be a deacon or a trustee, or be in any office, he will be sure to show himself off to advantage. He contributes £5 per year to the support of the cause, and of course he is *somebody*; the minister is afraid of him, his fellow deacons are

afraid of him, and all the church stands in fear of him. No motion can be carried without him; nothing must be done without his approval; he must be consulted in everything. He can't pray in public, nor visit the sick; nor is he very spiritually minded. He don't attend prayer meetings, nor does he often need a sermon in the week-day. Still he is a very great man: he is the leading man in the cause.

Smother them; choke them; scatter them; hang them; do anything with them; only take them out of the church. Dead lions! dead lions! "Away with them," as the man said to the duncheon.

If there be a blight resting on our churches, it is the allowing of any such lord to rule and reign. We want more Mrs. Shy-bodies. If this good sister did not like the sermon she would not say a word to any one about it, not she. That's the better way: if you do not like a sermon, don't name it, *for my sake*. If you are pleased, all very well to say so, but never grumble.

"A bladder full of wind,  
Won't weigh a pound of lead,  
Nor will those swollen bulky folks,  
With nothing in their head."

You may reckon, dear friends, that you are as common and as worthy to be despised as a dog; as unworthy of notice as a living dog. Yet remember, a living dog is better than a dead lion. Mr. Bigman is a dead lion, and wherever he is found he is a

hindrance to the life, peace, and happiness of the cause,—a pompous, proud, ill-tempered stand-in-the-way, is every Mr. Big-man in God's church.

However humble, however mean, or however small our efforts may be—and even if they be estimated at the price of a dog—still we will go on with our work, knowing that it is not those who make the most noise of what they do who do the most. Mr. Big-man appears very noble, and certainly looks like a great man ; but then we all know he is a dead lion, and we know also that a living dog is better.

Go on in your little way, brothers, to do good, do what you do in the spirit of humility, and the Lord whom you serve shall bless you and make you happy. Do not say you cannot work for the Lord, that you have no qualifications. It is not the wisest men, or those who are looked upon by man as being great, who are the most useful in the world. There may be death in the lion and life in the dog, you know.

Now the text is true concerning wealth and faith. Wealth is a great lion,—looks grand,—stands out in all its pomp and glory. Wealth is the mother of pleasure. What will men not do for pleasure? It is the lion they seek, the God they worship, it is their joy. They know nothing of *holy* pleasures such as saints rejoice in.

I saw a company of men and women coming home the other evening, and they were singing and shouting with all their might, they were very red in the face,

and their eyes seemed to say that they had had a drop too much. This was the very highest pitch of happiness with them. They know nothing higher than this, nothing beyond this. But, beloved, we have more solid joys, and more lasting pleasures, than these.

The religion of Christ is the only thing to make men really happy. This will help through life, and in the hour of death smooth our pillow and cheer our fainting heart; and when none else can help us it will be our joy and eternal delight. Ah faith, not wealth; grace, not gold. The golden lion may please men's eyes, but the life of Jesus alone can save men's souls. Life is better than death; but oh, how many men go mad for wealth and pleasure.

There was once a man who had escaped from a madhouse. It was the custom in the house whence he came out, to put the mad people up to their necks in cold water, to strengthen their nerves and to stimulate the brain. This escaped madman was sitting on a gate, when a number of gents came along, red coats on, and caps with peaks, on fine horses. The madman called to one—"And where are you going?" "We are going hunting." "Oh," said the madman, "what are you going to hunt?" "A fox," was the reply. "How much is that horse worth?" "Fifty pounds; some are worth a hundred," said the huntsman. "How much are these dogs worth?" said the madman. "From two to three guineas each." "And how much is the fox worth?" "Nothing,"

said the huntsman. "My word," said the madman, "if our governor gets hold of you he'll put you up to the neck." The madman thought it madness indeed for so much wealth to be running after nothing.

We must remember that wealth cannot bribe death. Many a rich man would pay death a thousand pounds, or fifty thousand pounds, if he would leave the house; but death is not to be paid out in that way. "I am sent from the King," saith death, "and I must do my work, and you must die."

Wealth cannot atone for sin. Earthly wealth cannot buy heavenly treasure; our sins must be removed by the blood of Jesus Christ. Wealth suddenly flies away. Men are rich to-day and poor to-morrow. "Riches take to themselves wings and fly away," saith the Scriptures. Many have found this awfully true. We are also told that if riches increase we are not to set our hearts upon them. Love not the world, nor the things of the world. Saints must be careful of golden fetters. Faith is sneered at by the world. "Give us gold and pleasure," say they; but then they know not the value of faith. Faith is life, the life of God in the soul. He who has faith in God through Jesus Christ, by the Holy Spirit, is not only rich, but he is holy as well. Faith makes a man rich indeed. Paul, speaking of the holy men of God in olden times, how they had faith, saith, "Who through faith subdued



kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens." Men filled with the Holy Spirit, and with mighty faith in God, shall make the world tremble yet. It is not the lion of intellectuality which is needed, but the living truth of God. There are many dead lions in pulpits, but of course they are not heard.

Oh! for precious faith. Faith to pierce the darkness, faith to smile at the storm, faith to depend on God, faith in the hour of woe, faith in life, faith in death. May it be said of us, dear friends, as it is said of those numbered by the Apostle, "These all died in faith." Oh! beloved, one grain of faith is better than many quarters of grain. Grace in the heart is better than gold in the bank. Yes, living faith is better than dead wealth. If you could live in a house of gold, and die on a bed of gold, and be buried in a coffin of gold, and be lodged in a tomb of gold, still, a living dog is better than you. Have you, my readers, faith in God? Let the widow have faith in God, and she shall find a true husband in the Almighty. Let the fatherless have faith in God, and they shall find a hand to lead them up to manhood and eternal life, and receive them at last into His unchanging kingdom. Let the sinner have faith in God, and he shall escape all the

pollutions which are in this world, and shall be everlastingly crowned with heavenly joy. Let the saint have faith in God, and it shall be to him an inexhaustible bank from which he shall draw supplies of divine treasure his life through. Faith is better than wealth. A living dog is better than a dead lion.

"A hill of mighty size,  
In anybody's eyes,  
Is not so dearly prized  
As a little thing which lies,  
Like a star dropped from the skies  
In the shop of Mr. Guy's."

(A DIAMOND.)

Reality is better than formality. Life is better than show. It is not how we seem to be, but how we are. Man looks on the outward appearance, but God-knows the heart. It is not how religiously we look, but how religious we really are.

The life of God don't consist in the saying of prayers, nor the going through any set of formalities. Prayer is not simply talking, but it's feeling. You can pray without the prayer book, without a word. "Prayer is the motion of an hidden fire which trembles in the breast. It's the simplest form of speech that infant lips can try. It's the sublimest strains that reach the Majesty on high. The fallen tear, the deep-fetched sigh," the would to God I were a man of God, are prayers offered to heaven not in vain. Some of you cannot pray aloud; well, never mind, so long as you can pray in your heart.

You cannot kneel down before the young men who sleep in your chamber ; you cannot pray before them, they would laugh at you and make sport. Well, do not be sad about that. God can hear without words. If you cannot kneel, stand ; if you cannot stand, lie down ; anyhow so long as your heart cries unto the Lord. It's not the form, but the power. Many of you think you do not pray because you do not go through the form. There are many, it is to be feared, go through the form regularly enough, but who are none the better for it.

“ A talking bird may talk absurd,  
Not know a word of all its chatter,  
Like some who pray from day to day,  
With my Lord Bishop's praying matter.”

You have heard of the man who said, “ John, have you wet the tobacco ? ” “ Yes, sir. ” “ And mixed the common sugar with the best, and put the chicory in the coffee, and adulterated the pepper ? ” “ Yes, sir ; I have done it all. ” “ Then come in to prayers. ” Ah ! how many have all this ceremony and no sincerity ! Depend upon it, my readers, you want something more than outward show. You had better be like the man who said, “ Oh Lord, bless me and my wife, our Tom and his wife, us four and no more. Amen. ”

It must be inward grace that shall save you. One tear of repentance shall be of more use to you, than all the long prayers of a Pharisee. Have you

ever shed one tear of repentance? If you have, remember God gave you that; and if He has begun with you He will carry on the work, for what His grace begins His glory shall crown. You may feel as one of old did when he said, "What is Thy servant, that thou should'st look upon such a dead dog as I am." You may be in your own estimation a dog only. Well, better be that alive, brother, than a dead lion.

The Pharisee was very formal, and talked in order. But his was only the form of godliness, he had no power in it. The poor sinner, who stood back and dare not look up, smote upon his breast and said, "God be merciful to me a sinner." And our Lord tells us he went back to His house the most justified. The Pharisee here was the lion, a very fine one to look at—a well-to-do gentleman of his day, went to the Temple Service regularly, and observed all the rites and outward forms, all the externals of his religion were carefully attended to, and I dare say he looked like a good man, and talked like a professor. But it was all show. He was a very lion of a professor, but the lion was dead. The poor dog who had just barked out, "God be merciful to me a sinner," was by far the best man of the two. Let us note it, then, that it's no matter where we are, nor in what attitude, God will receive our cries, if our hearts be true. If we can call on God for others to hear, and they *will* hear, all the better; but you

cannot pray unless you have that which is equal to solitude.

All things should be done decently and in order; but still it's the life, the power, the fire, the joy, the pleasure in religion which we all require more than the ceremony. Life, not show; reality, not formality. A living dog not a dead lion.

Lift up your head, then, brother, sister; if you are dogs, dogs may eat the crumbs which fall from their master's table. There is more hope of you, my friend, since you are a dog, than if you were a dead lion, for God will lift up the humble and save those who are cast down. Think not that you are too mean a dog to be saved; God will have mercy even upon dogs. Your little prayers, and longings and seekings after the Lord, shall not be lost. You shall be brought out of sin and the world yet, and shall be among the people who keep holy day with joy. You have been saying you wished you were like such-and-such a person, like that member or that deacon, or as good as such an one. Now do not wish to be like any of them. Just keep Jesus before your eyes, and try to be like Him. He is our pattern book. We have no model but the Lord Jesus Christ; we have to imitate Him, try and live like Him as much as is possible. No, we must not look at any lion of our day, and desire to be like it; we will rather imitate the Lamb. But, after all, it is not how we appear, but how we are. God will not judge us by our

appearance, but by our works, whether they be good or whether they be evil.

The ungodly world despises the Lord Jesus as though He were a dog. They have no love for Him; nor do they ever wish to be a friend of His. He was despised and rejected of men. The dogs of hell hunted him and barked after his holy soul, and He was hated and cast out. The world seeks not Jesus. The lion is the god they worship: the lion of wealth and pleasure. They find no joy in the Son of Man. You despise your best and truest Friend. Will you treat Him worse than a dog who holds your life at His disposal? He who could lay you low in one moment. Oh! join not the rabble who cry, "Stone Him; put Him to death; such an one is not fit to live." Remember, sinner, Christ is no dog. He is the Almighty God of heaven and earth, the Saviour of sinners, and the friend of the whole world.

He was a man of sorrow here on earth badly used by men, and He turned not again; but when He comes the second time to earth He will not be looked upon as a poor dog, but He will come as a living lion, and He will tear in pieces those who know Him not. Every eye shall then behold Him—those who nailed Him to the tree. See, see He comes. He who was once the Lamb led to the slaughter is now the Judge on the Throne. He who was condemned of men, comes men to condemn. Call Him a dog now, sinner; cast Him out from thee now, despise Him

now, laugh at His religion now. Ah! when He comes you shall tremble to see Him, and curse your folly which made you His enemy, and led you to despise Him. Oh! think of your woe then—how you will bewail yourself then. Is He a dog? Hear how He barks at you; He knows you are His enemy. Is He a lion? He will roar at you terribly. The Man of Sorrow now will be the man of war. He who was once the meek and lowly Jesus, is now the Lord of all, and the Sovereign Judge of all. He will punish His foes, but will gather His saints unto Himself.

A little of heaven will be worth all the world; five minutes with Jesus in heaven will be more joyous than all the delights of time and sense. Say not that you are no saint, because you are not so great a saint as such a person. It is not how much life you have, but if you have any. A living child is better than a dead man, and if you have ever so little of God's life in you, you have something to lead you to hope that the Lord will admit you into the heavenly kingdom. Life, life, it's life we want—spiritual life, the life of God given by the Holy Spirit. If we have any of this life we are right, but we may be as big as Mr. Big-man, and as religious as the Pharisee, yet without life in the heart we shall share no better than the dead roarer. Oh sinner, I say you had better be a dog in Christ's house than a lion in the fields of sin. To be Christ's prisoner is better than being

Satan's free man, for Christ's worst is better than the Devil's best. Christ's farthing is of more value than the Devil's pound. Will you not rather, then, be a little child in Christ's kingdom, than a grown up man in Satan's city? Is it not better to be the Lord's saved and sanctified, than to be the Devil's poor miserable slave? A private in the service of Emanuel is better off than one of Satan's captains. The gleanings of the Saviour's field is better than the Devil's harvest, and a handful of Christ's corn will make more bread than all the wheat the Devil ever grew. Jesus' bread is better than the cake of the world. The world's treasures are poverty itself compared with the riches of Christ Jesus our Lord. The Lord's winter yields more fruit than the summer of Satan. To be a member of God's family, is to ensure eternal life, and a place and a crown in the world to come.

You may pass now as a lion, you may be well off in this world,—have rows of houses, and be sought after by many; you may be much liked by all who know you, and they may think you a very nice person, and you may be a nice person. and have everything but the one thing needful—there may be everything to please everybody but God. Men may call you a great man, a good man, a kind man, a pleasant man, a cheerful man, a truthful man, and a liberal man, and yet you may only be a dead lion. For God's sake do not rest with the dead lion show.



You must know your state, feel your sins, and mourn over them too, before you can be sure your sins are forgiven.

Beloved, let those of you who have found the Lord rejoice in this: that it is not what men think you are, but what God knows you to be. We know that divine life runs still and deep. It does not put on the lion-like form; it is not of a pompous nature. It does not lift up the head with pride, nor does it teach us to seek the fashion of this world. God makes us think little of ourselves: teaches us rather to reckon that we are dogs than to grow conceited with the idea that we are lions. We had better think too meanly of ourselves than too highly; for the promise here is not to the lion, but to the dog. And yet, we are neither dogs nor lions, but God's dear children, born for glory. May we prize our standing in Christ, know that we are divinely safe in Him, that our life is wrapped up in Him. The Lord give us grace that we may not be tempted away from Jesus by any of the glory of this world. May we never believe in the pomp, splendour, or fashion of this sin-benighted world. Let not the lion deceive us, nor the dog humble us. It is not what we are now, but what we shall be.

We will, in hope of what we shall be, serve our Lord with all our might; and should we be looked upon as living dogs, we will remember that a living dog is better than a dead lion.


## II.

## MAKE THE BEST OF IT.

**A** MAN'S a man, but some are thin and short and mean. A bad candle is a dull light anywhere, in the kitchen or in the parlour. Some men would do well in a wilderness, while others would starve in a city. If a man ain't got it, he can't pay it. Blood out of a post would be easy if there were any in. When a man is only 9½d. you cannot make a shilling of him. Men as a rule make what they are worth; it is not often a tenpenny man fetches a shilling, unless a ninepenny man buys him. Still some men work for tenpence who are worth 2s. 6d., and they will get it if they push on; the best men must come to the front, like seeds to the surface.

Young people should rub up their metal, make it bright, as bright as Mrs. Pegging's tea kettle. They ought to make the best of their time and of their sense, and of their friends, and of their money. If any of these things be at low water mark, we must use them with great care, like the mother who had ten children used her butter!

People cannot make themselves handsome if nature has not favoured them, but it is quite lawful to set ourselves off to the best advantage!!! as the draper



does his shop window. If we are fools, there is no virtue in advertising it to the whole neighbourhood! If the heel of your boot is run over, don't keep stopping to look at it; and if your coat is old and grey, don't be ever brushing it down with your hand. You need not take the trouble to point out your personal imperfections either in dress or habit, as so many of your acquaintance will undertake the task for you gratuitously. Put on the man. May it please God to make us great in manliness, and help us to put off our pinafores!

“ Play your part as well as you can,  
Like a good noble hearted Englishman,  
Never say die while your tongue can speak,  
Use the pump when your ship springs a leak.”

Mean to be, and you may be better than you mean. Be good—be clean—be virtuous—be noble—be large-hearted—play the part of a big-hearted gentleman. If you have not a pound, be glad of a shilling.

It is not what we have or where we are that makes us happy, but how we feel; it all depends upon the value we set on things. A child is delighted with a bright farthing, and feels rich for evermore. It would be a great deal better for the bigger children if they did more highly prize what they have.

Let us be thankful for every mercy, as the man said who had just buried a scolding wife!!! It is not a bit of use crying about what we could have helped, nor is it

about what we could not have helped. When the cat is dead, bury it; when the fire is out, light it; when your pipe is out—throw it away.

“Do the best you can in every quarter,

But don't drown yourself in London Porter.”

How is it, beloved, that there are no aunts to take care of the children, when there are so many uncles to take care of their clothes !!!

Well now, I will tell you all at once, beloved, and so get out of my misery, as the boy said just before he jumped in the pond, the fact is that many of the aunts are fond of the uncles themselves, go too often to their shops, popping in and out—they are well named pop shops. 1s. 6d. on a pair of new sheets, which cost 5s. 3d., or more, or less, I don't know how much money will buy a pair of sheets.

“I believe the very devil is in them pawn shops,” said a man the other day. Well, my beloved children, that may be saying too much, but this I know that if the devil is not in them he is outside, and I do most solemnly fear that he sends a good number of persons in, and he does it to help them to pawn their souls, nothing the devil likes better than to get people to take the pledge in such places, for he knows if they don't keep it the pawnbroker will. If there were less gin shops there would be less pawn shops.

“A drop of gin  
Sends them in.”

“Beer and gin for the devil win  
Flocks of birds of every wing.”

That's my impression, and I feel bound to state it, and perhaps the devil will pardon me for saying it, but should his majesty be offended with me it will not be the first time.

I say to the working classes then, men of labour, hear me this day, and if I tell not the truth, say I lie, I offer it as my judgment, if men did not take their copper, silver, and gold to the "Bull and Mouth," or "Jolly Travellers' Inn," their wives would not be lead to take the flat iron to the pawnbroker's shop. Pawning is selling at 75 per cent less than cost, besides paying for the ticket. An old woman with a gin bottle in her hand once asked a gentleman which was the way to the workhouse; he, pointing to the bottle, said "That is!!!"

A pawn shop should be next door to the public house, the public house is No. 1, the pawn shop is No. 2. A man had far better take his teetotal pledge than the pawnbroker's pledge! A man said he pledged everything he was worth, till he pledged himself, and then he began to redeem the pledges that should not have been pledged!!!

God pity the children who have a drunken father, or a pawn shop visiting mother.

"Keep out of public houses, pawn shops, and jails,  
Mind your own trade, and drive home your nails,  
Be not disheartened when pockets are empty,  
In the land for true toil of gold there is plenty."

A man with strong limbs and a clear head is able I am sure to earn his bread, and should not be constantly pawning his bed, so says old Ned, or Edward, or Ted.

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## III.

## “TRAPS TO CATCH THEM ALIVE!!!”

“We shall catch them alive.”—2 *Kings*, vii. 12.

THE devices used in leading man from his Maker are multifarious. This occasion, however, will only serve to notice a few of them, and I shall do so in the hope that my readers may be on their guard. Depend upon it, that there are multitudes of schemes designed to catch us alive. Christ has but one net in which He takes His fish, although they are dead when He catches them, yet He makes them live by His grace. He who seems to own the waters of the Black Sea has as many nets, and traps, and hooks, and baits as there are fish to catch; and if a fish requires some special means to be taken, the devil can soon accommodatè such a fish and hook him safely.

Satan's traps are not to frighten the birds away like stuffed men hung up in the field, or a dead crow

to afright the rest. No ; he covers his hooks and sets his nets among the flowers ; his traps are hid, and all his stratagems bear this inscription :—There is no danger here.” Hence silly fish and stupid birds are taken by this deceitful fowler and infernal dragman. He throws down his poisoned wheat for human birds—and catches them alive :—

“ Let fish and birds take care,  
Lest they should find a snare  
In parts which seem most fair.  
Oh, readers all be wise,  
Keep open all your eyes,  
Lest taken by surprise  
By Satan, for he lies ;  
He sugars every pill,  
Then tempts you when you’re ill,  
Thus tries your souls to kill.  
Remember what I say ;  
He sets his traps each day.”

I shall now name some of the traps set to catch the souls of men. Satan has tried to ensnare some of the best of men. He even tried his hand with Christ, but found the Man of Sorrow too much for him.

The first stratagem of man’s great enemy was a trap set for man’s curiosity. Our first parents were taken in an inquisitive trap. What right had they to be peeping and prying where God had forbidden them. They were surrounded with plenty, and their Lord had told them that of every tree they might eat save one. Their curiosity led them to wonder why they

should not be allowed to eat of this tree. The devil said, God knoweth that in the day thou eatest thereof ye shall be as God, knowing good and evil. They grew curious to know the power of this tree, and they did eat; and I am sorry to say that all the children of our first parents have followed in the footprints of their progenitors.

We are all more or less curious. How often have we been taken in the inquisitive trap. You have been to see some friend of yours; when you get back the wife says to you, "Well, how did you find them? Were they pleased to see you; what did they say?" Then you answer, "Oh, they said they did not expect me quite so soon. Should have been very happy to have seen me if they had been less busy." "Oh," says your wife, "Did they ask after *me*?" Ah, we want to know what people think of us, and what they say about us. "Did they ask after your father? Did they ask after your mother?" "No; not after any of them." "Ah! if they had cared anything for us they would have asked after us." See how a bad spirit is created by our curiosity.

When I was at C——, in B——, beloved, I used to go round on a Monday morning to see the friends, and ask them how the sermons of the previous day were enjoyed. Sometimes I would say, "How did you like the sermon?" "Not much, sir," or "Pretty well," would be the answer. Yes, I often heard what I did not like about my own preaching.



Ah, I often wished I had never said a word about it. I take care not to do that sort of thing now, lest I should be ensnared through my inquisitiveness. Do the thing which is right to be done, and be not anxious to know what men think or say of you. But should you be curious in these matters, I forbid you should be curious to know the taste of sin. Oh, may you take Jehovah's word for it that sin is very bitter, and never desire to know the gall-like nature of it for yourselves.

Don't be peeping and prying,  
Nor pushing your nose,  
Or wond'ring and whying  
About people's best clothes,  
Mind your own laces and tie up your shoes,  
And allow other people to do as they choose.

The second invention of the man-catcher is the Trap of Jealousy or Envy, to which Cain fell a prey. Abel had offered to God an offering which God *accepted*; and Cain had also offered an offering which God *rejected*. The smoke from Abel's offering went straight up to heaven, showing God received it. The smoke from the fire of Cain's offering blew down on the ground and hung round about the pile on which it was placed, showing God had rejected it. He felt his anger rise towards his brother Abel because his brother's offering was received by God and his own was refused. One day they were together in the field, and Satan met with them. Cain could not bear the remembrance of the rejected offering. He drew near to Abel,

lifted his club, struck him a dreadful blow on the head, and Abel's blood stained the ground on which the murderer stood. This was Envy's trap. Cain went down to his grave a cursed vagabond.

It is well said jealousy is as cruel as the grave. The young man lover, fears that his lady will to another give her hand; he meets her in the lonely lane at night, cuts her throat or throws her in the pond, or gives her poison. The kind and good husband, without the slightest cause, becomes jealous of his wife, begins to treat her unkindly, shews not that love for his home he used to do, and soon becomes a changed and altered man; his poor wife wonders what it all means, for she hath done no wrong. How many a loving heart has been wounded by this hateful thing. Oh, ye wives be careful of jealousy. Oh, ye husbands be ye careful of jealousy. Young men and maidens, be you careful of jealousy. This is a bloody trap indeed. The Lord give us a proper confidence in each other that we may think no evil; for if jealousy reigns happiness is dethroned; and cursed be that spirit that cannot rejoice in another's blessing. Let us not hate Abel because the Lord God loves him; but rather let us try to do well that we may obtain favour from Abel's God.

The third device to be named is Drunkenness. Satan catches more souls in this trap than many others put together. This is his great drag net, and the principal cause of the prosperity of his kingdom.

It is the leading article among the poisoned pleasures which are served to his subjects. There is nothing that will ruin sooner than drunkenness. It is the black curse of the world, and nothing damns our own town so much. Who shall tell how many noble sons have been ensnared and led on to death by the hand, the hot hand of drunkenness. Young men who left home with a father's prayers fresh upon them, and a mother's tears still wet on their cheek; watched from the cottage door with many a God bless you, my dear boy, and keep you from evil! How many sons who were pure and good when they started for the large town or city, have been taken in this devilish trap, and have made haste to hell. The simple way, my sweet fishes, is not to drink anything out of heaven that will make you stagger, stutter, or splutter, or that is likely to put you in the gutter.

Never take it in your lips,  
Not in pints, nor little sips,  
It will burn your pockets and burn your chips,  
And then it will burn you, feet, head, and hips.

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.—Put an iron band round the drunkard's neck, fasten two chains to the band and bring them down in front, pull his head forward until he forms a semi-circle, make the ends of the two chains fast to his feet, and keep him thus in a public pig-sty, let him have his swill in a clean pig-trough, and let him be stared at by the public as they pass by !

Whatever may be said against the devil I don't think he is a drunkard, but I know many of his children are ! Let's give him his due and say he is not !!!

But I must come now to the next trap, fourth, the Deserter Trap—Peter's trap. "Peter," said Jesus, "you will deny me." "Oh no, Master," said Peter, "not me. *Me* deny Thee, never. I will never deny Thee; all the rest may. John may, Matthew may, Luke may, but not me. Though all should forsake Thee, yet will not I." But when the maid came to Peter and said, "Thou art one of them," he said, "No," I am not. I know not the man." "Why," said the maiden, "your speech betrays you." (Every Christian man's speech should betray him.) But Peter affirmed that he knew nothing of Jesus. Mind, my readers, that you are not so taken by Satan at his will. "Oh," says one, "I shall never do that. *Me* deny the Lord; I am sure I shall never do that." If ye love my Master, stand right out and say so, lest ye be tempted to say ye know him not.

When we are in the midst of those who pay no homage to our Divine Friend and Brother, let us not be shy and bashful; and if they say we belong to Him, let us rejoice in the truth of their assertion.

I always think, you know, that brave old Peter acted a bit of deafness with that girl. "Eh," said he, "I understand not what thou sayest." He knew well enough what she said, the sly old fox, he did.

When people don't *want* to hear, they open their eyes wide, and look nowhere, and say ha !

The devil himself could not catch Peter, so he got a little girl to do it. You mind, my beauties, he don't captivate you, if he does you may be urged to swear till you are as black in the face as my friend Peter. Stand right out for the Lord, my children, and never say you don't know him whom you love.

Then there is the Golden Trap—and that's number five. False testimony, robberies, and murders, are found in this trap. What will a man not do for gold. The old Book saith : "The love of money is the root of all evil ;" make not for thyself a golden chain to bind thy soul to the chariots of Satan ; remember that a golden chain will hold thee as firmly as if every link were made of iron. The love of money grew so strong with Judas that he sold the Lord of Glory, the Son of God, for thirty pieces of silver ; and then, as if he were discontented with the price he had made of Him, he went out and hanged himself ! Oh what numbers there are who lose their souls in saving their gold. The Lord help us to lay our treasure above the skies, for the riches of this world do take wings and fly away.

Men are so fond of gold that they break into the Sabbath day to earn it ; keep their shops open a few hours in the morning, and go to church at night—pretty creatures. Perhaps some of you do this. Oh do not damn thy soul to fill thy purse, my reader. But remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

Some people seem to be bound in chains of gold : all their time is given to business. They must attend to business. They cannot leave their business. They cannot spare the Lord one hour per week for a prayer meeting or any other service. They are up to their eye-brows in the making of gold. The Devil tells them it is *the* business of life, and they ought to attend to it, and they fully believe what he says, and do attend to it. They do it until the religion of Jesus and the cause of God are quite a second-place kind of thing. The Lord teach such the wickedness and folly of spending every hour of this life for the gold that shall become valueless. Let men obtain all the wealth they can ; but let them not rob the Lord Jehovah of time and homage to do so.

The golden lines of Thomas Hood will appear in this place very good :—

“ Gold ! Gold ! Gold ! Gold !  
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,  
Molten, graven, hammer’d, and roll’d ;  
Heavy to get, and light to hold ;  
Hoarded, barter’d, bought, and sold,  
Stolen, borrow’d, squandered, doled :  
Spurn’d by the young, but hugg’d by the old  
To the very verge of the churchyard mould ;  
Price of many a crime untold ;  
Gold ! Gold ! Gold ! Gold !  
Good or bad a thousand-fold !  
How widely its agencies vary—  
To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—  
As even it’s minted coins express,  
Now stamp’d with the image of good Queen Bess,  
And now of a Bloody Mary.”

And now I will name a whole family of traps.

There is the Pleasure Trap. It is a sad thing when men are so thirsty for pleasure that they leave their daily calling to seek it. Many a man has come to poverty through his pleasure taking.

Out every night,  
Must see every sight.

Hear everything fresh, go to every new entertainment. I trust those of us who know the Lord, know how to afford to let many of these gaieties pass by. May my readers find their pleasure in doing their duty to themselves and families, and in serving their God. But let them mind that their God is not their belly.

There is the trap in which the spell-bound gambler is ensnared—the Gambler's Trap. See his poor wife sit in her little house, swinging her foot, and listening to the singing of the kettle, till the clock strikes eleven, twelve, and one, and two, and then when her husband comes, he comes mad and angry, he has lost his money—as he has often done before. This trap catches many of our young men alive, and leads them on to theft, robbery, cruelty, and ruin. Young men shun the gambler's table, and hate his ways. Earn your cash honestly, and spend it fairly, for depend upon it the gambler's trap is fraught with sorrow and death. He shall not be caught alive who is alive to his danger.

There is also the Dancing Trap. This is a very fascinating snare to young people, and is productive

of more evil than is believed by many good people. It is a curse to any country, and is as successful in demoralizing the virtuous as a number of other pleasures, which appear more vile and sinful on the face of them.

If you want your daughter to be led from purity of life, if you would have her a fallen and sin-stricken girl, then send her to the dancing-room. Dancing will set fire to those human passions, which when kindled, are not easily extinguished. I say if you wish your daughter to be damned in a hurry, encourage her to visit the dancing-room. Send her to parties where there shall be dancing all the evening. I feel that if a daughter of mine were in a dancing-room, I would, *if need be*, drag her out by the hair of her head. Fathers and mothers, keep your children from dancing, and save them from the blighting results of such pleasures. Some of my friends may not see the evil in dancing that I do, and I may give some offence in saying that dancing leads to great sins. I do not wish to offend, but I must say what I believe is my duty to say. We are told to avoid the appearance of evil. Let us shun then the dancing trap as we would the old boy himself.

There is a Spending Trap, and there is also a Lying Trap, and many more, which I cannot stay to name, all intended by the great adversary for the demoralization of body and soul. Satan does not come forth in his own character and say he means our



destruction, but wraps himself in angel garb and appears as an angel of light. He comes as our friend, pretending to do us good, and wish us well, and is our most deadly enemy all the while. All his traps and nets, his snares and devices, have written on the face of them "quite harmless!" But remember they are all of them traps to catch us alive. Oh yes,

He is the fowler who betrays  
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.

The Lord Jesus help you, my readers, to walk clear of those sins, that you may by His divine and victorious grace be saved from the damning power of sin.

And now I come to notice the Gospel Trap. Thank God there is a power in the world to counteract the evils we have been speaking of. Christ has a trap in which he catches sinners. We rejoice to know there is a Gospel Trap; and we rejoice moreover that tens of thousands of poor perishing souls have been caught therein, and saved from the wrath to come. The gospel ministers are to be fishers of men—the net they throw is the net of the Gospel, and by the wisdom given to them they are often helped to cast the net on the right side of the ship, and souls are saved to the glory of God. May my Master help me to catch some of you! This was my desire in putting forth a curious subject—"Traps to Catch them Alive!"

The fish taken in the Divine Fisherman's net are brought into fresh water, where they live, and thrive, and do well. I assure you, my reader, if I were to say they turn into silver fish and gold fish, I should not say too much for them. Christ's net catches them alive and keeps them alive !

Ye little fishes,  
Shun dirty dishes,  
Look out for the hooks  
In all little nooks,  
Don't run your heads  
In muddy beds.  
A many contrive  
To catch you alive.

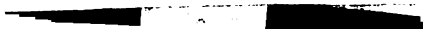
So I wish you good morning.

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#### IV.

#### GETTING YOUR PICTER TAKEN!!!

**M**E and our Jermimer went to get our potografts taken in a wan what's come in the town lately. I put on my last new gound that I might come out beautiful, and make a good picter ! A dress as cost me 14s. 9d. afore it wos made or had a bit of trimming on it, and I put a most lovely broach on as come out of the fair, and a most elligant chain, and four rings as I borrowed of Mrs. Perkens, and when I wos ready to start, in



comes Mrs. Kenrep and Mrs. Perkins, both together, lease ways, Mrs. Perkins come in first and Mrs. Kenrep come close behind her. "Well," says them both, "you do look lovely." Says our Jermimer, "That's jest what I have been saying. "Well," says Mrs. Perkins, "that broach looks beautiful, I never did not see nothing that looked so fine in all my borned days, that I didn't—I hope you will be sure to presence me with one of them Cart-de-wesits, as I am sure I will put it over my front parlour fire-place."

So off we went to the Potografer's, up steps into a corner of the wan, in comes a great tall lamp-post kind of a fellow, and says, "How de yer do, ladies," "Well, thank you," says I, "pretty well, thank you." "We have come to be drawed," says Jermimer. "Not drawed, Jermimer," says I, "but to have our potografts taken if you please, sir."

"I'll not keep you one moment," says he, and out he walked, and never come back for twenty minutes I'll declare, then in he comes. "Now, old lady," says he to me, "I am ready for yer." At them words I felt deeply insulted, but did not like to show it as I wos not in my own house, so in I walked and wos almost pushed into a chair. "Now mam, put that foot a little more in, that hand a little more out, hold up yer head, look at that window, don't move, then he began to screw up something behind my head as made it ake like enythink, "Now mam,

look right at that spot, quite still, please," then he looked to the glass top of his wan as if he was saying his prayers, and kept me staring at that spot till the tears rolled down my face like rain. "That will do, mam, thank yer." In two or three minutes out he comes, out of a watch-box sort of place, with my potograft. "A fine likeness, mam, as ever I took, it's come out well." "That me!" said I. "Why, yes mam," said he, "Any fool might see that." "Then" says I, "I ham no fool and can't see it. Lor bless your heart," says I, "that's no more like me then pudding's like cheese. Why, I'm quite a fright, I'm positive that's not me. I know I'm not good looking, but still I don't fancy I ham quite such a fright nather. "That's you, mam," says he, "to a T." "Lor, Ma," says Jermimer, "it's orrid, why you look as ugly as sin, I'd never have that thing." There was my lovely broach and chain as looked like nothing but daubs of paint, and my beautiful new dress as cost ever so much, looked like a white night-gound. If that's being drawed by a potografer, then I ham done. Not brown, but white, and I'll not have it for nobody," says I. "You must have it, mam," says the tall lamp-post fellow." "I'll not do nothing of the kind, sir," says I, "so there!" "Then," says he, "I shall summons yer before yer betters." "There ain't none, sir," says Jermimer. So out I come, and that tall lamp-post stood at his wan door a calling arter me and Jermimer as far as he could see us, and I a'int

heard nothing from nobody never since. When we get's home who should come in but our religious friend, Mr. Slyford Pirch. "I am so mad," says I, "that nothing could not be like it." "Why," says he, "what is the matter?" "Why," says I, "I have been to that confounded potografer, and he drawed me the biggest fright magingable, and I would not have it. "Then," says he, "I shall summons you." "Summons," says I, "and welcome." And there he stood a calling arter us all the way up from his wan, the puppy!!!

And if that Mr. Pirch didn't take and preach me and Jermimer a reglar sermon on the wanity of having yer pichter drawed. "Well," says I, "Mr. Pirch I ham not a deal better then other people I dear say, but still I don't see the wickedness of being potografted as you make believe; indeed, says I, it would be a fine thing for some chapel-going people that I knows if they could be taken and hung up for themselves to look at, jest to see what adwancement they had made, if they looked eny better then they used to do." "No doubt," says I, "it would be good for us all if we could hang ourselves up and look at ourselves wery often." "Yes, mam," said Mr. Pirch, "if them people that get drunk could see themselves as they are seen, it might do them good." "No doubt on it, sir," says I. "Well," says Jermimer turning wery red, there is as much pride in the same people as don't have likenesses taken as them that


does, wether it is Mr. Slyford Pirsch or anybody else," and up stairs she goes to take off her things. "I must be leaving," said Mr. Pirsch. So he wished me good day. He never can stand our Jermimer.

So I made up my mind the next time I go to get my picter, I will not dress up, but go like as I always ham, and look as I daily do, for arter all, beauty is as beauty does, and to *look* beautiful is to *do* beautiful !

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V.

IS A MAN A MAN OR A PARSON ?

F all people in the world a parson is not supposed to blow his own trumpet. He is, or ought to be, the humblest man in creation. Perhaps the "ought to be" will stand safest here. He must not talk of himself unless he condemns himself—if he will say that he is a poor feeble creature—a very unworthy servant—poor dust and ashes—a worm and no man, he may be allowed to speak of himself, but on no other terms could it be permitted.

People don't seem willing to believe in these days that a man is a man. The parsonic tribe of men are

looked upon and talked upon as if they were angels; and lots of old ladies, and young ladies too, think of them and speak of them as the holiest and nicest men that ever lived. So they are when they are; but parsons are like nuts, they are not all good. Hasn't a parson a heart, and a liver, and a nature, and flesh, and bones, and mouth, and stomach like most other men? Hasn't he a human nature as strong as any man living—a king or a porter? And yet people talk about parsons as if they could do no sin. This is not much to be wondered at when these gentlemen look so out-of-the-way good. Some of them it must be said appear for all the world as if they had stolen themselves away from the church-yard—so very upright and solemn.

In shining black,  
With white cravat,  
And broad brimmed hat,  
And tone so flat.

It is not unkind to say it, but it might often be said of some of my most beloved brethren, "Here comes another guy!"

I wonder why in the world a Rev. can't be a man as well as any other man, I am sure some of them look half strangled—that white little neckcloth is drawn round a withered sort of throat so awful tight that some of them seem to be going quite black in the face. The wicked men and women in the world are sure to get out of the way of such awfully good

men as these solemn-faced parsons. They would not come into their company for any money. In many a meeting-house it would seem that the minister has frightened all the people away, just as a ragged old coat with arms spread out, stuck on a pole in a field frightens away the old blackbirds.

A great many parsons look as though they were going to be hanged. (Many a man has said hang 'em.) And I am sure the tone of voice is so dull and sorrowful, that every one of them might have followed to the grave a third wife. Nothing jolly about parsons, that's why they aint liked; when they come up on Sunday morning they just look as if they had been dipped in starch, and dried off quick, with a melancholy face, and a slow and delightfully solemn tone. They commence the day's sorrows! Everybody feels cold, everybody looks miserable, nobody speaks to nobody, and nobody answers; and while the organ plays, the people in solemn order walk out, half of them thinking they will never come again.

As Harry Dick's uncle said, "Why can't a minister be as good looking as any other man." How is a man to get a wife if he is not good looking? and parsons want wives the same as other men. Is it wicked to laugh? Is it wicked to cause a broad grin on the face of the congregation? If they should laugh, ought the parson to be put to death for it? Ought he to be punished? If he had, should not those good men be punished too who send their



hearers to sleep in the House of God ? Hadn't a man better smile than snore—better please his fancy than fan his slumbers ?

We shall not fill our churches and chapels till the parsons turn music masters, and strike up with a cheerful key-note. If they had the most awful news to tell they could not be more painfully solemn than when they are telling the people of the great Remedy. My dear sirs, you had better get your starch washed out, and be ironed up limp, and get among the people as a right down good-hearted jolly set of fellows. You look too good for the people. Try and look more like some of them ; it will pay you better, and make your churches warmer. If you should turn sick at this, take another dose out of the same bottle, and, according to our doctor, you will get better, for he says like cures like.

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## VI.

THE "PASTURE'S" VISIT TO MRS. JENKINS'  
FOR TEA.

**W**HY, says Mrs. Jenkins, "if 'ere aint our pasture! I niver did! And I *ham* not dressed. He's come much sooner than I expected. I must send that gal for some lump sugar, and to Mr. Penford's for a little cream." Mrs. Jenkins shouted down the stairs for her pastor to walk in, which he had already done. "Go into the front parlour," said Mrs. Jenkins, "and I'll be down stairs dractly." The front parlour was a longish narrow room, covered with cocoa-matting, with a rug before the fireplace made of various pieces of old soldiers' coats, with a black ground (having three red diamonds in the centre, placed about one foot apart) polished Windsor chairs, a round table, and a very deceptive looking-glass, were among the principal pieces of furniture; a fire which had not been long in existence was struggling into life, and a goodish quantity of smoke had refused to go up the regular way and was floating about the front parlour, very much to the discomfort of the 'pasture.'

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Mrs. Jenkins was not very long removing her morning dress; and, robing herself in her second-best dress, as she called it, she entered the front parlour and shook hands with the 'pasture' with all her heart. "Why, sir," said Mrs. Jenkins, "I was afeard you was not comin'. Why did you not come sooner, sir? But niver mind, you are 'ere now—as our grocer always says when he's a day behind, 'I'm 'ere now mum,' says he, 'so dont let's grumble.' So I say, sir, you are 'ere now, so we wont fall out about that, we wont." The 'pasture,' who was a short man, and rather shabby in appearance, with a somewhat dirty-white tie and a front to his shirt (or a false one) split straight down one of the pletes, and starched with very blue starch, replied that he should be exceedingly sorry to fall out with any one. Poor man! he wanted to fall in for a living, so was not likely to fall out with Mrs. Jenkins, for she was one of the most important people at the *cause*.

Mrs. Jenkins was one of those sisters who are very good where they take and are very bad where they don't take—that is to say, gentle reader, that if that lady did like a minister she liked him very much indeed, and if she did not like him she disliked him with a vengeance. On this occasion she was not quite certain whether she liked the poor man or not; and his success and happiness depended to a considerable extent on the decision to which the good

lady came. All the members in the little church would take more notice of Mrs. Jenkins' praise or censure than they ought to do.

"And how many children have you, sir?" said Mrs. Jenkins in a very condescending manner. "Nine, mum," said the 'pasture.' "Nine!" said Mrs. Jenkins, holding up both her hands, "and how old is the youngest?" "Why, let me see," said the 'pasture,' "five, mum—yes, five—because I remember it was born just as I went to my last pastorate." "Poor dears! they are very fond of their father, I have no doubt, sir." "Yes, mum, we are a happy family." "Well, now, Mr.—dear me, I forget your name, sir?" "Jonah Short, mum." "Oh, of course, Mr. Short. Well, now, Mr. Short, of course you know we want a pasture." Mr. Short gave a short nod, by which Mrs. Jenkins was to understand that gentleman did know. "Ours is a nice little chapel. Don't you think so, Mr. Short?" He said he did. "You know," said Mrs. Jenkins, "we should like a man of considerable ability, who could carry himself like a gentleman, and one that talks good grammar. I think, you know, Mr. Sport—Short—I beg parding—that to have bad grammar in the pulpit is dreadful." Mr. Short did not speak, but waited like a lamb for Mrs. Jenkins to proceed, which she did by saying that "they were prepared to give a gentleman who might become their pasture £65 a year and a house to live in; and, after she had heard

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him a few more times, should be in a position to say if he was the right man for such an important post." Some further conversation took place, and Mr. Short made signs that the evening was getting on, and he had some distance to walk; and, after some more conversation, in which he took a greater part than in the former, the 'pasture' took his hat and then took his leave.

As Mr. Short walked home he pondered thus—"Good God," said he, "£65 a year and nine children, and a talking Mrs. Jenkins a prop and pillar to the church. Would that I had been a postman, a pointsman, or a porter, anything but a minister." A voice seemed to say "ah, anything but a *poor* minister!" "May God save my son Tom!" said Mr. Short. "But, oh, if he should be a minister, may he never be Mrs. Jenkins' 'pasture' on £65 a year." The poor man had more in his heart than in his head, a deal; but he was so in love with that Reverend, that he could not pluck up and go to work like another man. Well, brother, the Lord has called me to it, you see. No, brother, I don't see; and there is not many besides you who do see—even Mrs. Jenkins don't yet see it. I am not an orderly parson, but I fancy that God calls every man to provide for his home bread and butter, and that no man has a right to starve his children and send them out into the world a set of fools, in order

that he may preach the gospel. A single man may starve himself, if he likes it, for the gospel's sake ; but I think in most cases the gospel would do as well without these kind of gentlemen. It's as solemn a thing to bring bread home for the children as to preach to the people. Let every man keep a good house, and let no man go canting about God calling him to be a 'pasture,' if being a 'pasture' is to starve his little ones. Besides, there are a lot of men who never ought to have been in the *cloth* ! Some of them cannot talk plain ; others of them have such little thin squeaky voices that nobody can hear half what they say ; and there are more still who seem as if they have nothing to say for themselves nor any one else. Let a man do what he is able to do, and what he can do well. He had better be a good sweep than a bad 'pasture.'

Men have as much right to get plenty of money by preaching the gospel as lawyers have by preaching the law ; and if religious people loved the ministry of the Word half as much as they say they do, I am sure they would pay their 'pastures' better. I only wish they would strike ! Not another blessed sermon on the old terms—£65 a year, and talk good grammar.

Gentlemen of the profession, I would preach to the poor, who don't know the value of the gospel, without a penny charge ; but those narrow, nipping, stingy, miserable saints who *do* know the value of it

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should, if I could rule, pay value for it. A poor parson is one of the poorest things I know of. There ought to be a law that churches should not starve their ministers on £65 a year, and talk good grammar, and also a law that pastors of churches should not send their churches to sleep.

Perhaps half the parsons would be better in heaven!!! and half the congregations scattered to the winds, for there are a great quantity of both good for nothing. Mrs. Jenkins and Jonah Short might well be spared.

This is not very humorous, but the vinegar *will* flow sometimes.

N.B.—The Humorous Parson never had a church who paid £65 a year, and asked him to talk good grammar.

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## VII.

## A FASHIONABLE CONGREGATION.

THE Rev. Theophilus Goldrose, M.A., is the adored minister of the most fashionable congregation in the town. He is a very gem of a minister, a perfect gentleman in appearance, speech, and manner—tall and thin, wears glasses. He is a most splendid scholar—uses the finest language, and never indulges in any of those vulgar words used by so many pulpit orators—indeed, Theophilus dwells on high, and therefore has no necessity to speak those words beginning with D, or H, or D again, nor does he for one moment suppose that his people require the old, old gospel of Jesus Christ. No, no, he is too much of a scholar for that—a mighty tinker—O, I beg pardon, I mean a mighty thinker! His sermons *are* sermons—every word right as a trivett, in its place, as it ought to be, and, as the man said of his bumps, ‘big uns and all.’ None of your little finnikin words and phrases, not for Theophilus. No, no, the Rev. Goldrose gives utterance to great matters, both in sentiment and language. If he were speaking of the stars, he would not say *stars*, but would put it like this (if I



can do it):—those everlasting orbs which perpetually float in distant regions, are, undoubtedly the homes of myriads of beings who watch us from their ethereal heights; or, if he began to pray, it would not be in the common language, but (after a pause) he commences:—O thou great and incomprehensible Father, Thou that art so high that every angelic breast is filled with an elevated and anti-perverse disposition like Thine own, and the glory emitted from Thy radiant and Immaculate Person is reflected in great refulgence by those who immediately surround Thee.

Well, no one can say a word against Theophilus for his mode of utterance. It is no doubt very beautiful, and a great charm to the fastidious. What would the poor creatures do who could not endure a hard, vulgar, outspoken sermon—such as Peter preached in his day? It is perfectly absurd to attempt to preach an old-fashioned gospel to a very fashionable congregation. Think of saying—“He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned!” to gentlemen with eye-glasses and ladies with purple fans. Think of white waistcoats and diamond rings listening to “except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.” How could violet kids, or orange kids, or any other *kids* of a high-educated and refined order sit in a place to worship God, where a *pure* and *refined* gospel was not delivered? These delicate people, with

delicate minds must have delicate sermons of delicate length from delicate ministers, of whom Theophilus Goldrose, M.A., is one. This special kind of minister admit that they are not called to the masses, and they might also admit that the masses are not called to them ! The great black unwashed world comes not to them !

The Humorous Parson would not offer a remark at Theophilus if he preached fully Jesus Christ, and Him crucified. If the blood and righteousness of the Son of Man were set forth to the sons of men, we should have no word to say ; but when the upper classes don't get the same medicine as the lower classes for the same complaint, there must be something wrong. Bread is bread, for the prince and the pauper ; and the rich need pure water as much as the poor. Why shouldn't the aristocracy have the gospel preached to them ? Pastry will not save them. They must have the good old Bread of Life. If Theophilus was a good minister of Jesus, he would roll up his shirt sleeves and put on a white apron, and turn cook in the King's kitchen. My word ! with his knowledge of plants, and seeds, and flavourings, what a dish he might serve up if he would. How his hearers would smack their lips, if he would only set on the table in *his* golden dish the Royal Lamb. We poor people are glad to get it out of common plates ; but white waistcoats and diamond rings deserve to have it on plates of gold.

We don't care a bit for the plate, so long as the food is right. A piece in your fist would be a mercy if hunger was sharp. A friend of mine was out to supper the other night, and the table looked as lovely as a young bride—light pastry, sweets, a little fruit, nuts, and lots of pretty things besides. Very pretty indeed! but there was no bread, no potatoes, no beef, no pudding—hence, for a hungry man, no supper. Why, bless your senses! we all like something to pull at, if we tell the truth; and, if we don't, we ought to be flogged. I mean if we don't tell the truth we ought to be flogged. Poor men's children are in better health than the rich man's. I think so. And so are the poor minister's children (of course I mean his spiritual children) in better religious health than those poor sickly things who live on the Goldrose pastry!!!

Talk about baby-farming! why it's nothing to the farming that's going on inside many a place of worship. If the dear babies got only milk-and-water, it would not be so bad; but its precious little milk they get, and I fear the water is not clean.

Away with your raspberry tarts and penny puffs for starving people! Bring out the bone-forming solids of the grand old gospel. Don't tell men to behave with decorum, but tell them to repent. Don't say as *one* man did—you will be put to an inconvenience—but tell them they will be sent to Hell! Take your gloves off, Theophilus! Press it home on

your people whether they are lost or not. Alarm them! Frighten them! Terrify them about their sins! Make them jump out of their seats! You will drive some out, but you will save the rest, and they will bless you for your faithfulness, and God will put such an honour on you that you never dreamt of. Do try and speak plain, my dear reverend sir! Break the neck of those long words of yours, or they will break the neck of your usefulness. You know, you had better break your own neck than be a hindrance to the gospel. I tell you, Theophilus, go some Sunday-night without your paper, and fire away at 'em without note or book. Talk to them like a man about faith, repentance, and trust in God. Use all the little words you can find. You know it will be a great and nice change for you; and so it will be for your people—for they are very poorly, poor things, and a little plain food would do them good. I tell you what, Theophilus, your beautiful church would soon be full if you were to do that. I know the purple fans and orange kids would make an objection to a full house. Too hot for them! Well, you might do it when they are at the sea-side. Think of eight or ten newly-converted people coming into your vestry to talk to you about their souls, and asking to come into your church. Whatever would your deacons say? What would old Brassbolt say to that? Wouldn't he scratch his head, and say we want no vulgar, canting people here. This is a

church for the upper classes, and the Rev. Theophilus Goldrose, M.A., is our minister. But, Goldrose, you would like it, I know you would—and I would try, if I were you (as the boy said) to bring in a few sparrows among the yellow birds. Oh, yes, let the poor come in—as the man said, poor devils, why should they be shut out any more than the rest. Tell your people, Theophilus, that you mean to preach a sermon to the unconverted. Get a bill out for the special service, and word it after this fashion :—

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**Belgrave Church, Gentletown.**

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On Sunday Evening Next,

(D.V.,) THE

**REV. THEOPHILUS GOLDROSE, M.A.,**

WILL PREACH

**A S E R M O N**

IN THE ABOVE PLACE OF WORSHIP,

**To Small Sinners.**

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*Service to commence at Half-past Six.*

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N.B.—All the Seats will be Free, as the Seat-holders will stay at home on this occasion, to give the ungodly an opportunity of being converted,—which they stand so much in need of.

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*Snog & Mogg, Printers, Fine Street, Gentletown.*

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Something in that way would do good. Or you might leave the bottom part of the bill out if you liked: perhaps you had better do so.

Well, well, I will leave it with you. All that I can say is—if you don't preach more gospel after this you only ought, that's all. I shall be sorry if you don't and glad if you do.

Bung sware—as the young lady said who was trying to learn French.

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## VIII.

### HALF-BAKED CAKES.

I HAVE heard of a minister who had a member of his church by the name of Ephraim, and he was a most uncomfortable sort of man—a cross-grained, ill-tempered, fault-finding, grumbling man—so the minister thought he would try to cure him of his complaint by preaching from the following Scriptures. The first was our text, "Ephraim is a cake not turned." The next Sunday came, and the minister took his text, "Ephraim is a silly dove." The man felt it somewhat strange that his minister

should preach two sermons with his name in the text of each. But on the following Lord's Day he was more surprised by the minister giving out for his text these words, "Ephraim feedeth on wind." The poor man wondered what it could mean. But his minister was not done with him yet, for the next Sunday morning he read for his text, "Ephraim hath made many altars to sin." Ephraim began to feel sorry, and took the matter to heart. He knew now the minister was aiming at him; and no one would have doubted it had they heard him name the two following portions of the Word—"Ephraim is joined to idols. Let him alone!" and, for the last, "O Ephraim, what shall I do unto thee?" It is reported that Ephraim was a better member of the church afterwards. God seems to deal with His people in a similar manner; for all these terms were used by God concerning the sin of Ephraim His people. The verse containing our text was not spoken of one person but, of many. It is God's protest against the fluctuations of a chosen but rebellious people: a people who at one time would seem to serve with fidelity and delight, and at another would plunge themselves into the sins of the nations. They were burnt on one side and dough on the other, and good for nothing on either. All along the history of the Church we find these oscillating, wavering, and turn-coat Christians. They seem as if they served God and mammon by turns.

The great want of the Christian Church of to-day is *spirit, pluck*, a courageous devotedness to God and His truth, and a zealous seeking the good of others. When will the day come when we shall serve God with all our might, and love our neighbours as ourselves? The words of my text have gained a different meaning to that intended. If we hear one man call another a cake, we at once know what he means: he is a half-baked cake—that is, he is not (as they say in London) more than ninepence to the shilling, he is not all there, not quite the thing, rather gone in the upper story!!!

Observe that God condemns half-heartedness in His kingdom and church. There is perhaps no sin which God detests more than the sin of unfaithfulness. Pretending to serve the Lord with one hand, and serving the devil with the other! What do we think of those who love us to-day and hate us to-morrow? Do we not despise such, and hold such persons from us? God hates this kind of thing more intensely than we can. Think of Henry VIII., a man who could love his wives one by one and then murder them in cold blood; who could walk with his arm round the neck of some courtier, and love him dearly, and then send him to the Tower of London to be put to death. I like the old woman's saying—Love me little, but love me long.

Half-heartedness in religion is as unprofitable as half-heartedness in the commercial world. Shall he



prosper who goes late to market? Shall he have custom who does not take down his shutters till mid-day? If a man is to prosper in the things of this world, he must be up in the morning and up till late at night, if need be; he must learn to be polite, punctual, and industrious. Some people never get on in business because they are only half-baked cakes, having but little diligence, and are half-hearted in their trade. Well, any man knows that that will not pay. Nor can the saints of God afford to be lukewarm. They absolutely require all the holy stimulation they can obtain from religious services and communion. I know for myself that, by Lord's day morning, I feel the need of some spiritual stimulant. The spring of the watch gets down, and we want winding up like an old eight-day clock; and very often it is so: we get wound up, and on we go for several days in the strength we obtain on the Sunday. I say we cannot afford to be half-hearted in the kingdom of Christ.

Those who go back in the world go step by step. They first neglect one service, then another, and last of all they stay away altogether. There seems to be three classes of these half-hearted people:—first there is the man who has no life in his soul—he professes to know Christ, but loves Him not. There are many such, and among them, I fear there will be found ministers and deacons, besides members of churches: these half-baked cakes shall have the

hottest place in hell. He who pretended to love God yet served Satan with nearly all his heart shall have the hell of hells to endure, and the wicked deacon and member shall have their portion with the untrue and unreal hypocritical minister. Let us not promise both God and the devil our soul, neither let us play with Satan, for he is a mighty foe.

Some people seem to be acting like the mouse, which fell into a tub of beer: a cat came by, and the mouse said—"Mr. Pussy, if you will pull me out you shall eat me for your trouble?" whereupon the cat pulled the mouse out of the beer. The mouse, shaking himself, looked round, and then popped in a hole close by. "Now," said Mr. Pussy, "that's not fair—fair is fair all the world over: you said that if I saved your life I should eat you." "Yes," said the mouse, "but don't you know that when people are in liquor they don't know what they are talking about."

Now, for God's sake, don't play cat and mouse with your souls, for besure that Satan will not let you slip as the cat did the mouse.

Then, again, there are those among you who have, as it were, been half converted: there have been times when you have wept for your sin, you have said that you *would* serve God, but you are now in your sins. Remember, it is not enough to have once tried to pray: there must be permanent seeking, and the constantly coming near to God. The Lord in His

rich mercy go on with the work in your heart, and put you in the oven, and do you as you ought to be done. Beloved, shall we who are truly saved, by our want of manifested love for Christ and zeal in His Church, be instrumental in sending other men to the hell from which we have been delivered? Let us take care lest we pull down by our indifference what we have built up by our zeal.

What progress would the gospel have made had the Saviour chosen Jerusalem swells, with eye-glasses, and such as would have worn black kid gloves? Such men are of little value in setting forth the gospel of Christ. The sin of the world demands that God's servants should be hard workers. Half-heartedness will pass better anywhere than in the work of salvation. Look, brethren, at the homes of the poor, who are without God! See what misery is there! Behold that poor miserable drunkard! drunk last night, is not sober yet. Look at those dirty, ignorant children sitting on the edge of the fender! Poor little dears, what prospect is there for them? See the wife, who is beginning to walk in her husband's footsteps. Poor wretch, she seems to be nothing but skin and grief. Oh, how great a change is this from the day when they stood at the marriage altar, when all parties were dressed in new and gay clothing, and when the sun shone on their path. Oh ye people of the living God, there is much work to be done, and we must be up and doing, lest the Lord shall say of us we are

cakes not turned, or they are joined to idols, let them alone.

The devil himself seems to suggest that we should be earnest. See how *his* followers serve *him*. Are not his disciples truly their teacher? It may be said of all the devil's subjects that they serve him faithfully. All his people are true, although their fidelity damns their souls. If they who serve the god of this world serve him with whole hearts, although it cost them their lives, shall we serve our God, who is so loving and kind to us, with hearts half-turned? Religious cakes are the worst of cakes.

Hell urges that we should be downright, not half-and-half like the text. When we think of souls dropping into hell, it should indeed put fire in our hearts to be in hot earnestness for their salvation. May the eternal horrors of hell move us to labour hard to bring the Gospel before the masses of the people. Oh, beloved, there is much—very much—to cause our zeal and love to increase. My dear reader, you who are not brought to God, remember hell is a dreadful reality. May my Master give you grace to run from sin as you would from a roaring lion or the incoming tide. I want the Lord to make us all more hearty. But I wish above all that He may set your souls on fire after Jesus Christ. May we *all* be found more than ever seeking the spiritual good of our souls.

While there is such a dreadful hell to escape, and such a glorious heaven to gain, we surely dare not play Ephraim over again. Lord never more let us be as cakes not turned! God condemns half-heartedness in His kingdom and church. We cannot afford it. Human wickedness demands that we should be in good earnest, and Satan, by his zeal to ruin the souls of men, suggests that we should be faithful. Hell urges it, and heaven encourages it: May God Almighty grant it!

A baker's half-baked cake would be sent to the hog-tub, but a religious half-baked cake will be sent to the naughty place, not to be baked on the other side, but to be burnt up!

I do hate, my beloved, a doughy Christian: crusty on one side, and pasty on the other. He is a will and a wont—can and ca'nt—shall and sha'nt—do and don't—yes and no—come and go—eat it and leave it—cooked and uncooked kind of man. The done side is put to the eye, and people suppose that the cake is done all over. That's the way the folks get *done*. I shall be very glad to help turn any one over, so that the other side may get to the fire. I am sure that many people whom I have seen since my first wife's time are only half-done—sure of it—as sure as eggs. Bless 'em, what a fine thing it would have been for all of us if they had not got done at all: a thing not done is better than a thing spoilt! I should like to warm some of these half-baked,

doughy, pasty, good-for-little people. They are not here nor there, nor anywhere else : neither in the house nor out of it. They don't appear to be the devil's own, and yet they don't belong to God. I would sooner be done brown than half-done. A half-baked cake is a very *sad* thing.

Reader, don't be

Hot and cold,  
Shy and bold,  
Young and old.

Don't split your heart, but give it all to the side of truth and manliness.

## IX.

### THE MAN WITH A BIG NOSE !

**T**HE nose is a prominent feature in the human face, and makes a man handsome or ugly in proportion to its length, size, and position. A turn-up nose is a disdainful nose—a flat nose is a low-lived nose—a sharp pointed nose is a bad-tempered nose—a crooked nose is an ill-formed nose—and a red nose is a suspicious nose. Men are much judged of by their noses ! and however innocent a man may be, if he have a mulberry nose, some wicked people are sure to say that that nose is not a natural nose, nor a teetotal nose. Think of the

naughty boys who wrote on the wall of a man's house who had such a nose, these lines—

“A nose that grows  
Is a blossom of woes,  
Its red round the base  
And blotched with disgrace,  
It disfigures the face,  
O what a grimace !”

Why should a mulberry nose be considered the nose of an inebriate, my beloved? I say why should such a nose be looked upon as an anti-sober nose? Well, its a question whether anybody can be found with such a nose, whose nose has never been put immediately over strong drink. When a man drinks does it fly to his nose? that's the question. But a big nose is not bound to be a mulberry nose! A man may have a fine long nose of the proper shade—a real sober nose—a nose that always goes before him, and gets to the corner of the street some time before he does, and yet he is not thankful for his nose, for he thinks everybody is looking at him, and fancies he can hear them say, “What a nose!” One boy did say, “Bill, two such noses as them put together would make a bridge.” I hope, my gentle readers will not begin to feel their noses, as the man did who was told by his wife that he had got no nose, because he could not smell their neighbour's pig-sty.

The best thing for big-nosed people is to forget their noses. Its the knowledge of an ill-formed feature which gives us the impression that people

notice us. When we have done a wrong thing we fear everybody knows it. A guilty man is self-condemned. A brother divine, beloved, of mine, who was told a thief had entered his place of worship—a man that had robbed a house in the parish—so he said from the pulpit, “A thief has come in among us, may he be saved,” a man got up and went out, and the officer took him at the door. No one knew who the thief was till he moved; he thought everybody was looking at his big nose. A guilty man shows it in his face in a general way. I have heard, beloved, of a judge who put his ear to a man’s heart, and discovered he was guilty by the unrest of it.

Yes, sinners flee when no man pursueth; but the righteous are as bold as a lion. He who does the right is in no fear; but those who are ever up to their dirty little tricks, are always in dread of being found out. Like a man who found a bank note and tried to change it, the clerk asked him if he would have it hard or soft (in paper or cash). “Oh,” said the fellow, “If you please, sir, I found it.” He was afraid that clerk saw his big nose, and was at once confused, “Please, sir, I found it!”

When I was a boy, I stole a halfpenny from my mother; but no one had it, so my uncle, an Irishman, (not that I am Irish, beloved,) got me and my brothers and sisters all round him, and asked us who stole the halfpenny: not one of us had seen it. “Now,” said he, “I shall find out who took it. That’s the one



who took it," said he "that's got a piece of wool on his nose ; nobody felt his nose but me. "Sure, now,' says my uncle, "Ted, you stole the halfpenny," and so I did, I knew he saw my big nose.

Our sins are sure to find us out some time or the other, and if man don't find us out the Great Judge will. Ah, that He will, depend on it. Let the big nose people take care. Oh, how well it would be, my beloved chickens, if people would not push their noses into all manner of filth—of course I mean moral filth—I do wish they could turn away their noses from all that is offensive to the noses of better people. I should be delighted to hear them exclaim that all kind of sin was a stink in their noses. If men were to keep their noses in a purer atmosphere, it would greatly contribute to their health—a smoky atmosphere is not good for the olfactor ; and nostrilacal organs, as the old lady said, "Are not dust holes," and are not improved in appearance by being put to such a use.

The only further observation I can make in this short discourse, is that you may all be able to keep up your noses, but do not turn up your nose, as that is rude, and do not go where you will have to hold up your nose—in a word take care of your nose. Plain living and a moral life will not bring you a great red nose. The best powder for the complexion is a virtuous life—noble deeds of mercy—acts of pure kindness—a constantly rendering ourselves useful

will make us forget all about big noses—if nature has given us big noses. May grace, beloved, give us big hearts, and may the good of our lives be more prominent than the nose on our face. Amen and Amen.

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## X.

## A BIG BUNDLE.

“But the soul of my Lord shall be bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God.”—1 *Samuel*, xxv. 29.

**M**Y readers will find (as the clergy are wont to say) that the context to this scripture is full of interest, and they will be kind enough to find the place and read it for themselves, and so save me the trouble of reproducing it.

I wish to talk about a Bundle—the Bundle of Life—a big Bundle you may depend—the wrapper of the Bundle, and the cords which tie it round.

There is the general Bundle of Life, enclosing all the human race. What a bundle is this—with every king and queen, all who ever sat on thrones, the pure and virtuous, the bad and lustful, the rich and poor, great and small of all classes are found in this Bundle of Life. But it is not this general Bundle that I wish to speak of, I want to talk of the Bundle of Eternal Life—Salvation’s Bundle—The Bundle of

God's people—the Sanctified Bundle—the Bundle of the Saints.

Well, now, a bundle has a wrapper, and cord to tie it round. Nothing could be better for the saints to be wrapped in than the love of God—a wrapper of *love*—wrapped up in love, covered with love. “He leads me into His banquetting house, His banner over me was love.” It is a secure covering—broad enough to cover the whole Bundle, and blessedly wrap them together.

The cord which ties the Bundle round is the sacred scarlet cord which hung in Rahab's window—the cord of redemption, bound in the bundle with the redemption of Christ, securely tied and fastened in, also with the white silk cord of righteousness. These two cords give certainty and security to the Bundle, wrapped up—covered and sheltered with the love of God—that love of which it is said, “He so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life. Bound round with blood and righteousness, dear reader, we are not wrapped up in brown paper, or some destroyable fabric. That in which the saints are wrapped is waterproof and fire-proof, for many waters cannot quench love, and much fire cannot destroy it. We are safe in this bundle—no tumbling out here, beloved. Not a very happy thing to believe that we can be saved to-day and damned to-morrow. It is not so, if the Lord has

put you in the Bundle of Life, He will see you do not fall out. He wraps his people up too safely to allow of their falling out. I once sent a box, or a bundle, or a parcel, I don't remember just now which it was, but we put some mince pies in this box or bundle, and some one did not *mince* the matter, but took the pies out, or they tumbled out because the box, or bundle, or parcel was not well corded. But God don't allow any such thing; He has wrapped up *His* bundle and corded it with such care, that those who are in cannot fall out. Yes, yes, my darlings, ye are all so wrapped and so corded in God's great Salvation Bundle, that you are as safe as the Queen's Crown in the Tower. I say, then, that there is no falling out of Christ or tumbling out of the Bundle of Life.

But a Bundle is prepared for transmission. To be sent on. Packed with care, to be sent to another land. We, if we be the Lord's, are carefully packed in the Bundle of Life by our God, and He is sending us on to another land. You know in *Revelations* it says, "I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God." So, you see, we are wrapped up in the Love of God. Corded round with Redemption and Righteousness, and are plainly directed to the city of God. We bear God's autograph—His signet stamp is on us. We shall go safely, you may depend on it.

Some people lose their Bundles—but God will take

good care of His. If you were to see a Bundle on the pavement, or in the road, nicely wrapped up and corded round, you would think it belonged to some one. But if you were to see a Bundle being kicked about in the mud by the boys, you would think it was only a Bundle of rags, and did not belong to anyone. I have seen some of the Devil's Bundles being kicked about the streets—tumbling about from side to side—in the form of poor drunkards. Ah! my dear hearers, the Devil can't serve us like that. I do not say it boastingly, but Satan cannot serve a man of God that way. No! if we have a little of God's strength we are a match for Satan any day. "Fear not for thou hast a little strength." Let us ask ourselves. Are we bound in this Bundle? Has the Love of God enclosed us? Are we bound round with the scarlet cord of Redemption, and the white silk cord of Righteousness? Is the Love, Blood, and Righteousness of Jesus Christ to us most precious? Beloved, it is indeed a mercy to be enclosed in this blessed Bundle. I say, then, God will take care of His Bundle. He has collected the precious souls contained therein—wrapped them in the covering of His Love—bound them in with the scarlet cord of Redemption, and the white silk cord of Righteousness; and it is the intention of His heart to bring them safe home to glory. Other people may lose their Bundles, but God will not lose His. The Devil may lose his Bundles (and serve him right), but God will

never lose His. God will preserve His people till the end be, and then take them in to the house prepared for them. The Lord will never have to put out an advertisement, "Lost, a Big Bundle. Anyone bringing the same to the Owner shall be well rewarded!" Oh dear no! "Just fancy," as the lady said in her new bonnet!

A Bundle gives us the idea of plurality. Generally a Bundle contains more than one kind of article, like some of the Bundles which come in for bazaars. They have some of them several nice things in them. A Bundle, then, speaks of several, and in this case of *many*. God's Bundle is God's Church, and the Church of God contains many. It's a mighty huge 'bundle. What a variety is here found; all ages and all sizes. Here is Mary who sat at the Saviour's feet, and Mary out of whom the devils were cast. Here is the Thief (who obtained pardon while the blood of murder was fresh on his hands), Peter the deserter, and the wise Solomon, with many others, all in the Bundle—large and small, rich and poor, the beggar and the prince; the infant of a few days old, who just opens its little eyes and looks round, and then hears a voice calling it up to God; it is as if God says, "I will take thee out of this world at once," and the little dear soon does its journey. But it is in the Bundle. Babies go straight to heaven, having committed no actual sin—Jesu's blood redeems them. A Bundle of all sorts. It may be asked are there little babies in heaven?

The Word of God is silent on the matter ; but I think it is fair to suppose that they will grow up there instead of here—if they had lived here a long life the development of God's grace would have been seen in them. I think all the development will be in heaven instead of on earth ; but one thing we are sure about, there are no babies in hell. No, no ; all who die in infancy belong to Christ. Yes, in this Bundle there is the little child of a week old, and the hoary-headed sire—bad-tempered Jonah and unbelieving Thomas. Some very imperfect characters—but all are bound in the Bundle. Love's wrapper covers them all ; hides all their imperfections.

Many of us are very poor creatures, have nothing to boast of, are very ignorant, only a little faith, only a little hope, very prone to do wrong ; but we are all in the bundle. What a mercy ; bless the Lord, brethren, that such hell-deserving persons as we, should be bound up in the Bundle of Life, and blessedly tied in with the Lord.

The whole Church is in this Bundle. Some from all kinds of people—from every land and tribe. There shall be some from every kindred and tongue under heaven. Some of all sorts. It's not a Baptist Bundle—not an Independent Bundle—not a Primitive Bundle—not a Presbyterian Bundle—not a Church Bundle—not a Denominational Bundle. Baptists will be in it—Independents will be in it—Primitives will be in it—Presbyterians will be in it—Churchmen

will be in it; but still it don't belong exclusively to *any* one of them—but belongs to *all* of them nevertheless. Oh, yes; it is a Bundle to hold them all. It is the Bundle of Life. It is not *our* Church nor your Church—but it is Christ's Church. As we behold ourselves members of the Church—we are neither Baptists nor Churchmen, but Christians. This is real Gospel truth, my earthly angels, and I hope you like it.

The people are wonderfully wrapped up in the love of God and made one in Christ Jesus. We all stand alike in Him. Not masters and servants there. Bless the Lord for the size of this Bundle. The people of the Lord shall number many at last. When they are all gathered up—when they are all brought home—a mighty host indeed shall bow before the King. Are we part of the Bundle? If so hell is barred against us—we cannot go thither. Heaven is open to welcome us—and we shall most certainly be among those who will sing His praise for ever and ever. Thy soul shall be bound in the Bundle of Life with the Lord Thy God. I hope, my hearers, you like the subject, and that it will put flesh on you—and make your bones comfortable.

And, now, once more we may observe that there will be a day when this Bundle shall be opened—when the contents shall be seen. We are not seen in our true character here, not known or understood. We are, *as it were*, bound up here in a Bundle. We



have not that freedom which we shall one day enjoy. We are created to live in another world brighter and better than this. All man's faculties go to show that he was made to live a longer life than is given him here. It is true he shall die, but he shall reappear on a broader platform where he shall have scope for his wonderful powers and be able to carry out the pure intentions of his mind. We shall live again, and live an endless life of holy service to God—free from all the hindrances which clog and prevent us now. Oh! the joy of that morning when the Bundle of Life shall be opened in glory; you know the joy on earth of opening a Bundle—children know the joy. There will be joy in heaven when all the saints redeemed from sin shall be presented faultless before the presence of the Great God. Think of it, beloved—the real thing—to stand in the sunlight of Jesus' face. You have often thought of it. But to be there—to have crossed heaven's threshold and have entered into the glory—to have heard the first burst of the music and the million voices praising Jesus—to be in very deed before the Lord—death and the grave to be things of the past—a life of sin to be almost forgotten amid such splendour as shall then surround you. Think of it! think of it! oh child of the Most High!—for surely it shall come to pass—this Bundle shall be opened—all its treasures shall be presented to the Lord. Oh! what a sight it will be to be sure, to see the whole Church of God complete,

all glorious within and without; no fault anywhere or in any one, May we all be there to see the Bundle opened. Every soul—we will never cease to tell Him of it, beloved, if we reach the glory land.

You will have noticed in the text the words, "Bound in the Bundle of Life *with* the Lord thy God." God in the same Bundle—*with* the Lord thy God—think of that. He is in the same train! shall I say—in the same vehicle, travelling with us in salvation's chariot: safe travelling, beloved, to travel with the King. They go safely who travel with Queen Victoria—more care is taken when Her Majesty is on the line. You are "Bound in *with* the Lord thy God." It is a wonderful, blessed, mysterious union. Our life wrapped up in His life, and His wrapped up in our life. He in us and we in Him—members one of another. Who shall think of falling after such a Scripture as this; "Bound *in* with the Lord." If we fall God falls too—and that cannot be. God is safe—then so are we. It is as easy for the Lord to fall into Hell as one of His children. They are bound up in the Bundle of Life.

Ah, yes, it's Mercy's Bundle. We would not have been in it had not mercy been engaged. When we remember our past lives, we feel that we all required mercy—and great mercy, too—for we were great sinners, and great sinners need great mercy. Bless God for His mercy. He is a God of mercy. If He had not been, we, at this time, must have been in

hell, or on the road to it, and we should not have been able to obtain a return ticket. This is redemption's Bundle—all that it contains, or shall contain at last, when the Lord shall deliver it home in heaven, was secured by the death of the Son of Man on the Cross. There would have been no Bundle of Life if Jesus had not died. Abigail would have spoken in vain if Jesus had not hung on the tree. His death was the life of this Bundle; and by His dreadful sufferings we are saved. The Church bears this mark of redemption. It is one of the cords which ties us in and binds us round. It releases us from all legal responsibility, and puts us among the people of God. So when I rejoice that I am a man of God, a follower of Christ, let me not forget how I came in possession of that grace which led me to honour and worship the God whom I adore. Let me call to mind that the Blood of Christ was shed for me—that His life was given for me—and because He loved me, and gave Himself for me, therefore am I in the Bundle of Life—bound in with the Lord—wrapped up in love, and bound with Redemption and Righteousness.


This is Salvation's Bundle; all who get in will be saved. We have said no falling out.

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☞ If any of the more sedate brethren wish to preach this sermon to their congregations (and I'll be bound they will!) here are the directions in order:—I., the Bundle—II., a Bundle of Life—III., what it contains—and, IV., its cords and covering. If anybody uses it, I hope he will say where he got it!!!

## XI.

## GOOD FOR NOTHING PEOPLE!

OU need not ask where they live, for there are some of them nearly in every street, and very frequently one in every family. They are a numerous race; but not a good breed. The sort is bad, and they are all bad of the sort. They are all alike (as the man said of his sprats, which were four days' old); no matter how you look at them, as a heap, or one by one. Good for nothing! Good-for-nothing sons, good-for-nothing daughters, good-for-nothing husbands, and good-for-nothing wives—just the same as there are good-for-nothing soldiers and good-for-nothing lords. I'll be bound you could not name a trade, or a profession, or any calling under the stars, but what have some good-for-nothing people among them. The Humorous Parson would sooner be a flea than good for nothing. If he were a flea—shall I sing, O would I were a flea? If I were a flea, I would get right on the tip of the left shoulder-bone of——ah, never mind who. I would make him twist about—I'd bite him! But, oh, how wicked for a Reverend to talk in such a vindictive manner. Well, so it is. I repent! May mercy be mine! I will not wish to be a flea any

more, but will try and be content that I am the Humorous Parson.

There are good-for-nothing parsons, good-for-nothing deacons, and good-for-nothing members in all sorts of churches ; and one church cannot throw stones at another on that score. The good-for-nothing grow everywhere. You may run against them at the corner of every street, and in every congregation. People who come and join your church—like your ministry so much—you are such a duck of a man—preach such delightful sermons—they were never so profited before—quite a treat to come to church—long for the time like a baby longs for the bottle. Such a nice person has joined our church ; he is so kind. He has been a member of nearly every church in the town, but we have got him at last. He will be a very useful person, for he puts himself quite forward. *Will* have something to do : ca'n't bear to be idle, nor to stand in the back-ground : makes himself quite at home, and flourishes like a cedar in Lebanon. After a while, this class of persons begin to be fidgety—don't get on so well—does not attend your place of worship so frequently—omits payments—away on collection Sundays—did not like the last sermon—don't approve of the way things are managed—begins to speak against the minister—finds all manner of fault—looks blue—don't come up to shake hands—voice not heard in the meetings—writes a letter to the paper, and gives a fictitious name—abuses

the man he once lifted to the skies—and tries in every underhand way possible to ruin the church he once loved so dearly. The vagabond! Yes, a good-for-nothing vagabond! Anybody that comes into our churches, stays for a time, pretends to be hand and glove with us—eats with us, drinks with us, and prays with us, and says he is heart and soul with us, and then goes out and tells the most bumping lie ever forged in Old Nick's dwelling place, deserves three months in a damp cellar, whether he be man or woman. Talk about being baptised again: I am sure it would do some of them good if they were dipped in tar, rolled in sawdust, and dried in the sun. But, beloved, we must pray for these pretenders! I hope God will pity them, for I can't—I sometimes cannot pray for them. I do feel so mad with them, as Mrs. Jenkins says, (a lady who goes to our church) that I could have swallowed them; and yet I should not like. Perhaps the race will die out some day, and then we will join in a universal thanksgiving, and praise God for the dead. Many of my dear and sober-minded brethren, beloved readers, have been put in quite a sweat (to use a vulgar word) through these good-for-nothing creepers into churches.

Mrs. Jenkins fortuitously met one of these very people the other day—up went her brown umbrella, without opening it, and she, looking over her glasses, shouted, “You wagabone! you wagabone! you are

a good-for-nothing wagabone! that's what you are!" It put the dear old lady all in a fever, and she was some time before she came to herself again.

Then, again, dear reader, some of these good-for-nothing worshippers do not go away, but stick to the church like leeches, and do all they can to put the parson out in his sermon: sit and gape at him, and open a mouth before him large enough for a country post-office—roll their eyeballs round hind-side before—cough—sneeze—cut their nails—look at their watch; or at the clock—open a book—read it—lay it down—cross their legs—have forty winks—go home and find fault with the discourse—eat a gluttonous dinner—go to bed—and come in the evening to your church to repeat their insolence. When a creature of this peculiar shape and make gets in a country church he is pretty sure to stop all good: he is a preventive to all that's worth doing—a dead weight in the cause, a very Jonah in the ship, and a Achan in the camp. These people nobody loves, nobody wants; and nobody won't cry (as the little girl said, when Miss Keventine, her day-school teacher, left) when they give up the ghost!

One can hardly wish them a comfortable grave; but I think we had better do so, for if they were to rise before the judgment, beloved, what a blight it would be on the living. Well, every dog has its day, and they will have theirs. I have no doubt they will be kept warm in the other world!!!

Think of a good-for-nothing young fellow falling in love with a charming young creature, and telling her he has five hundred pounds a year, and that his father will leave him a property—swells about in a new suit, which belongs to his brother, or the tailor—under a gigantic covering of lies gets married to the girl—and in fourteen days have nothing to eat, but begin to sip sorrow by spoonfuls. Poor dear girl, who could wonder that she should want to go home to mamma!

I do think, if a good-for-nothing fellow got hold of a child of mine, beloved, I should take a broomstick and!!!—I will say no more. But, upon my word, the dust would fly out of the gentleman's coat. The best thing for these human superfluities is to thrash them. I believe, with King Solomon, you must not spare the rod with such children. No, no! Bless 'em! Let 'em have it! they richly deserve it. In about eighteen months there's two graves in a church-yard: grave one—grave of a little boy, grave two—grave of its mother; both kept in beautiful order by the wife's friends. In one of the county jails there is a young man in a cell—seven years' hard labour. Five hundred a year, and father would leave him a property! He has murdered his wife and child by his wicked and good-for-nothing life, and now he is where he will not marry again in a hurry.

These good-for-nothing people are to be met with anywhere, I am sorry to say, but you are sure to find



a small company under the window of the "Stop and Drink" public-house, Ruin-street. A flat-nosed man, with shiney cuffs to his coat, a kind of beerhouse polish, the frequent raising of the cuff to the nose, beloved, and a slight action to the right and left, produces a polish known as the anti-French polish for the sleeve. This man, with several more, thinks as much of a pint of beer as they would of a pound of beef. If the flat-nosed man was to sit the other side of the counter and a small tube was to convey the spilt liquor to his mouth, he would well serve in the place of a waste tub. Yes, he would sit there and suck it in for a week, the beast! Isn't it shocking! My Humor leaves me while I dwell upon the theme. These devildogs—for such they are—you know, my dearly beloved, that the Book of Revelations says "Without are dogs," and these are some of the dogs that will, I fear, be without. Might they take a word of warning and change their clothes! I am sure, without the Man of Sorrows, they will come to sorrow. May Jesus save them, and if it please Him make them good-for-something; but I fear it is almost too much to hope for. They are so completely worthless, yet I know that the Friend of Sinners can do all things, and He has saved a great many good-for-nothing folks, or else where should we have been? Still I think we were not so bad as some of those Pot-house Gentry.

What a host of lying, promising, vowing, going-to-be-good people there are to be sure—fellows

that talk as sanctified as my old grandmother, and act as losely as her husband who was a foul sham! I would not believe some people if on their knees they told me their tale, nor if they were to swear till they were blue, for you know not how to believe a liar when he *does* speak the truth; and a drunken liar is the worst liar ever known. If I were to find such a man, wrapped up in brown paper, I should let him rest, as an Irishman did a sovereign which he might have picked up. "But no", says Pat, "I lost a shilling by the likes of you once before." Pat had found what he took to be a guinea, and could only obtain twenty shillings for it, and when he saw the next, he was not going to be done that way again. I hope the reader will not meet with as many good-for-nothing people as the Humorous Parson has. If the reader should be acquainted with a good-for-nothing, will he put *this* in his hand, that he may see his own likeness.!!!

We could go on with these good-for-nothings for a week, but what's the good? Our readers might say it was a good-for-nothing subject, and that we had written in a good-for-nothing manner about good-for-nothing people, to the good of nobody. Well my charming creatures, I have preached the sermon, and you must make the best of it; in my own judgment it is not a bad one, but I dare not praise myself,

So I remain as I am,

THE HUMOROUS PARSON.

## XII.

## A SINGULAR PREDICAMENT.

"As if a man did flee from a lion, and a bear met him; or went into the house, and leaned his hand on the wall, and a serpent bit him."—*Amos* v. 19.

**I**T is believed that the Jews under the judgments of God felt very revengeful, and were prepared for anything desperate. They would go to war with their enemies, they would face the day of the Lord, or they would die out of their miseries. But the Prophet tells them that this would make their condition worse—it would be "as if a man did flee from a lion, and a bear met him; or went into his house and leaned his hand upon the wall, and a serpent bit him."

Our journey from the cradle to the tomb is attended with so many strange and singular circumstances that we need great wisdom and much grace to find our way through the mazy paths. It is necessary in life's path to keep the centre. A lion is on one side and a bear on the other, and if a traveller turns back a serpent will bite him. His safety lies in his forward march. He must beware of the lion, the bear, and the serpent. Men too often flee from one form of evil and fall into the hands of another. The poor are

troubled to get riches, and then they are troubled to keep them. The young are troubled to be old, and then they are troubled because they are old, and complain of their grey hairs. The single are troubled to be married, and many who are married wish they were single again. A woman loved her husband the first six months so much that she felt she could eat him, and afterwards she wished she had !

Some are in this Singular Predicament—they would like to enter the Church of God, but they dare not leave the world. They are something like the angel with one foot on the land and the other on the sea ; for they seem to have one foot in the kingdom of God and the other in the kingdom of Satan. Such persons remind us of the old riddle concerning the man of whom it was said that he was neither on foot nor horseback, he was neither naked nor clothed, and he was neither in the house nor out of the house. The man rode on a donkey, so he was neither on foot nor horseback ; he was covered with net work, so he was neither naked nor clothed ; and he stood partly in the house and partly out of it, so he was neither in nor out of the house. This is the Singular Predicament of some people, they are not decidedly against the Lord, and yet they are not decidedly on His side.

Many who have been delivered from the lion have afterwards fallen in with the bear, some persons who have been rescued from fire have afterwards been drowned, and others who have been delivered from

the burning hand of fever, have afterwards died of ague. I have heard of men having their throats sewed up and carefully attended to in order to be hanged. These are Singular Predicaments, and it is "as if a man did flee from a lion, and a bear met him; or went into his house, and leaned his hand upon the wall, and a serpent bit him."

Men sometimes turn cowards and dare not face coming troubles—they flee from the lion, and in trying to escape they are met by a bear.

I ran, for a lion stood there,  
As I went I met with a bear,  
I ran for my gun and called for a light,  
When a serpent coiled round me and gave me a bite.

The young man who has lost his rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed, curly-haired little boy, who used to gladden his heart with his prattle, feels he cannot bear the blow which death has given, and his spirit grows rebellious against the hand that smote his child, and he is now left to mourn the loss of one who made life dear to him. He flees from the lion *death*, which has been roaring round his house, nay roaring in his house. He thinks he will drown his sorrow in the intoxicating cup. He flees from the lion which has desolated his home, and in the drunkard's cup he meets a bear which makes him more desolate still. Young men, young people, troubles are sure to come, it would be foolish for us to think that we could go through life without having our share of trouble. But, when

sickness or death comes, God help us to play the man ! to show the true Christian spirit ; may we be enabled to face the trouble be what it may. Let us not be cowards, but stand firm. Knowing that our Lord will make the black cloud pass away and cause the sun to throw down his light and his glory in our path again.

Men turn cowards at the Lion of Poverty. Poverty is a very inconvenient thing. To want a pound and not know how or where to obtain it, is very trying. It is painful to a hard working man when he cannot well clothe his wife, or when the children require new boots and shoes, and he is unable to supply them. Some men in such a predicament will turn thieves, and will try to shun the Lion of Poverty by stealing his neighbour's goods.

Perhaps this man who has the Lion of Poverty in his house holds a situation in a shop and serves behind the counter, gives change for shillings, half sovereigns, and five-pound notes. He can help himself out of the till, and nobody will know. He is tempted to steal, and is promised that he will so escape the Lion of Poverty. He does steal, is found out, his theft is detected, he is tried by judge and jury, and is transported for seven years—"as if a man did flee from a lion and a bear methim." You remember those remarkable lines of Cowper, or some one else !

"Him which steels what is'nt hisen,  
When he's cotched goes off to presen !

And some very sad cases there are where men and women take their own lives. What a horrible sight to go into a room and see a man hanging from the beam, or find another dead in his bed—self murdered—taking God's place in taking their own lives. When we contemplate their eternal state, we can only say it is "as if a man did flee from a lion, and a bear met him."

In the second place, there are societies for the moralization of men. These societies are good as far as they go. They teach men to flee from the Lion of Ignorance and Immorality. I will only name one, and that is the Temperance Society. I am very much afraid that our friends the teetotallers think that their Temperance Societies are of more value in the world than the Gospel of Christ. Some of the advocates of teetotalism have spoken in a sneering manner of the Church of God and of the Gospel. I once heard a man say, "They say the Gospel is going to make the world sober, why don't it do it? They say the Church is going to save the world, why don't it do it?" Some people think Total Abstinence is going to sober the world, why don't it do it? Let teetotallers remember that God's Gospel will do what Teetotalism never can do. The Gospel will make a man a sober man, and keep him a sober man; will bless his body and save his soul, and conduct him at last into the sublime and glorious presence of the Heavenly Hosts.

Teetotalism will sober a man, but it will not save him from Hell. Mind it is a good thing as far as it goes. But if men are led to think that morality is spirituality, and that reformation is regeneration, it is "as if a man did flee from a lion and a bear met him." The advocates of this society have done the cause much harm by the harsh and bitter sayings with which they have endeavoured to set forth its claims. Such expressions as the moderate drinker is worse than the drunkard, have been used by many of them. It is not wise to say so much; and when you hear them say so, you are vexed and think that's a—— an untruth. It is a pity for the advocates of a good thing to hurt the cause by harsh and untruthful assertions. I am a teetotaler, but I belong to the new connection. I like total abstinence, but I like the Gospel of Jesus Christ far better. We must point men to something higher than morality. To something which will save the soul as well as bless the body, for if we fail to point men to Jesus and to press home upon them their need of His mercy to save them from eternal woe, all else will be as if a man did flee from a lion, and a bear met him; or went into his house, and leaned his hand upon the wall, and a serpent bit him.

The drinking customs of this country are a great blight and curse; many a man's home comforts are destroyed by the enemy drink, and men should be exhorted to abstain, to be sober. But let them not



be led to suppose that a sober honest life will admit them to the joys and delights of the home prepared for the Redeemed of the Lord. "Ye must be born again, or ye cannot enter the Kingdom of God." Let not men then imagine for a moment that by running from the Lion of Intemperance that they need to run from no other evil, there must be a change of heart. Repentance towards God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, else they cannot be saved. Let those of us, therefore, who are teetotallers and know the Lord savingly, let us preach our teetotalism, but let it be blended in *with* the Gospel. But never must we set it up *above* the Gospel, or make it another kind of Gospel, nor at any time place it in front of the Gospel. For while we would say to the drinking world escape, escape, from the lion, we would also remind them of the bear and the serpent.

There is the lion from which men flee called Antinomianism, better known by the term High Doctrine. There are ministers and people of this order; they are a solemn straight faced class of people, who believe in the great doctrines of the Word of God. They preach only to the Saints, the people of the Lord. In the morning they preach only to the Saints, at the evening service they preach to the Saints, its all for the Saints, on the next Sabbath they preach to the Saints, its all for the Saints, not a blessed word to the Sinner. The Saviour said go rather to the lost sheep of the House of Israel; but these

brethren do not think of that Scripture ; a great part of the ministry is to preach to the Saints, to edify them, and build them up in the faith. If we did not feed and comfort the people of God we should have no church, no backbone to the cause. We must feed the lambs, and gently lead the sheep which are with young according to the Scriptural figure. But a poor sinner over there cries out, " Haven't yer got a word for us, Mister ; we have paid our share, why arn't we to be spoken to as well as the rest. What have we done that we should not be warned of the judgment to come? We Sinners pay as well as the Saints."

Once more. Ministers have been much offended with the plainness and corseness of some of our preachers. These gentlemen have fled from the lion—have taken to writing their sermons for correctness of language and beauty of expression. They always substitute condemnation for damnation, and they think it vulgar to say DEVIL, so they say *de*—*vil*. They preach about stars, flowers, roses, lillies, hills, and valleys—anything but Jesus Christ and Him crucified. I have heard of one of these fine preachers walking about his room all night with a wet cloth round his head, thinking of a proper word for his sermon. Why he had better have coughed and missed the word, and gone on. They would not read an address to a lady to whom they were making love, nor would they think it well of a pleader at the bar

to read what he had to say to the judge and jury. If one of these sermon readers were a prisoner at the bar, he would like something hotter for his defence than an address read off like a school-boy's lesson. I would sooner hear a man who murdered each word of the Queen's English, so long as the sermon made much of our Lord, than a read sermon on lillies. These days need the old fisherman's gospel thundered out to the people. We need with all our powers press home the Word of Life on the souls of men. To be so disgusted with a plain speech, brother, as to turn fop in the pulpit, is only to flee from a lion and meet with a bear.

But we are all given to extremes. Some men are extremely charitable. They hate a stingy soul. They would rather give away all they possessed than not give away anything. Goldsmith gave away all his bed clothes, and then got in among the feathers. Did he not meet with a bear? I should think one from the cold region. Some go to the extreme in frugality. They become so saving that they would not give a penny, no, not even to a starving widow. There is no need to stop our charity because we are frugal. Be careful, be saving, but don't be miserly.

You have heard of a miser who went to see a brother miser, to learn more fully the art of saving. As soon as the miser told his brother the nature of his mission, the candle was put out, the brother miser saying, "If that is all you have to speak of we can

talk in the dark, and so save the candle." The miser who went for information was quite satisfied, and said he did not wish to know any more. Such men are poor cursed creatures, who wickedly sin against God and man: these men shall have a place in hell seven times heated. It is as if a man did flee from a lion and a bear met him.

Then see how the Society of Friends have fled from finery to extreme plainness of dress. Broad brimmed hats, coal scuttle bonnets, and collarless coats, make a great part of their order. They have fled from the lion of finery and met with the bear of singularity. But, on the other hand, we are exhorted to dress neatly—not give way to flounces, frills, and furbelows. Ladies of the present day dress with great extremes indeed. Religion is not in our dress; but religion will teach us to dress wisely and modestly, as becometh the Gospel of our blessed Lord. I have seen hob nailed boots and fine feathers on the same persons at the same time, and I think they did not look well.

See how Paris fled from the Prussian Lion in her terms of peace, and how she met the Bear of Civil War which has been breaking her bones with mighty force, her noble buildings were burned, and many of her splendid structures were defaced by shell and cannon ball. Death and desolation was spread over the city, and for many a long year will the Serpent of Taxation be found in the homes of the French people. But may the King of Nations have mercy upon Paris.

There are people who would not go up in a balloon for the world, but are very fond of going down a coal pit. Mr. Pott is of opinion that it's wicked to smile in church, but curses and swears in his house until all the young ladies run out, and young George Winkings, who had a bad father, makes himself quite disagreeable in company, putting his little boy's hands right, making the little fellow first sit one way then another till the child don't know how to sit. My beloved ones, remember these three—Lion—Bear—Serpent. Flee from the first, shun the second, and avoid the third.

Don't strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. In running away from one form of wrong mind you do not break your neck over another. If you run at the roar of the lion into the paws of the bear, you might as well stand still; and if you give up public wrong doing and allow the serpent in your own house to bite you, still remember that private sin is as hurtful as the public wrong. In serving your belly don't damn your soul, and if you give up your cups and dirty songs do not turn mope. When you put off the fool's cap and bells don't put on the garb of a monk. If you part from your lightness of manner, don't become a walking church-yard deserter. A man who had starved his pig for three days gave it a pailful of beans, which killed it. Many a mother has laid on her own child and smothered it through fondness. If you hold the bird too tightly you will kill it, and if too loosely it will fly away.

## XIII.

## MARRIAGE !

I AM afraid that we Parsons very often marry people who never ought to be married,—that is to say, the man should have married some other woman, and the woman should have married some other man ; but, of course, it is not our fault, we are innocent in that, as we are in everything else ! We are only the solemnizers of the marriage. We have nothing to do with the dear people coming together. They take their choice, they do,—as people do who look into a peep show, and can choose which they like for the Duke of Wellington out of two or three fine looking fellows who stand before them. Plenty of nice girls are married to the nastiest scamps that ever lived—fellows who would have blessed the world if they had died as soon as they cried ! It seems an awful pity that some men should have grown up to need a six-foot coffin ; but so it is, and we have no right with it. Only when a man has a girl married to one of these gingerbread, overgrown monkeys, it makes him say what he would never think of saying.

But, beloved, the female ladies of the other sex (as the man said who was addressing a public meeting) are not all perfection. Oh, no ; far from it. Some

of them are not good enough to thatch a barn with. It is a right thing to get married—at a right time—to a right person—and in a proper manner. Every woman wants to find the right man, and every man the right woman. When a man has found *the* right woman, let him marry for *love* and fight for money—that's what I say, beloved. I do, so there! When they are well and properly matched, bless 'em! let 'em get (as the young curate said) mawied. Yes, by all means, and the sooner the better. I hate long courtships, I do; and so I do hasty marriages; both are out of place, they are. Let all things be done according to wisdom. If young people would only save up for a home, instead of having part of one in the mother's house, it would be a grand thing; but a great many young people don't think of tables and chairs till they are ready to go to church, and then they have no money. They start in life £5 behind, and they keep there (like the donkey's tail) all their lives long. Every young man might save if he would, instead of fooling away his money in smoke and strong drink. He should take the advice of the Humorous Parson and save his ninepences, he will be sure to want a wife some day, and he ought to look out and have money enough to buy her with.

"Love and a crust will do to live on," said a young man from the country. "Try a mutton chop," said a friend. So say I. Love is all very well, but it won't pay the rent, nor put a new gown on Mary's

back, not a bit of it. When a man has got twelve chairs, two tables, a bed and bedstead, a few pictures, some knives and forks, and a nice carpet, with a few other things which I need not stop to mention, and a pretty little girl for a wife, let him get married. Every man should know something about the girl's mother and father. If they are a bad lot, it may be dangerous to undertake to keep the daughter. Girls are very much what the mothers make them. It is a wonderful thing for a good girl to come of a bad mother and father. Know something, then, about the parents of your intended wife; and as they are she will be to a great extent. If she is not, mercy will make the difference.

What a thousand pities it is when a man falls in love with a woman who is ready to fall into her grave, or a woman to be spooney with a man who shows in his face that he cannot live; for a strong healthy woman to marry a sickly, thin, consumptive man, is as far from doing the right thing as can be. There is so much mock modesty about this matter, that if any one speaks out he is considered rude; but, rude or not rude, I say it,—That there ought to be an eye to the health part of a marriage. The physical as well as the moral should be taken into account. If the world can be peopled with healthy subjects, why should a race of pale-faced, half-developed, poor, little creatures be sent adrift to struggle and totter to their graves. Many a man had better get measured



for a coffin than get settled with a wife. He is best as he is; he cannot live, poor fellow! and he had better not leave a widow and little shadowy children behind him.

Black eyes may look at blue eyes; dark hair at light hair; a fair complexion may look at a dark complexion. A young woman is a flat to marry an old man, and an old man ought to be whipped for marrying a young woman. Let a prince marry a workhouse girl if he will (Walker), but for God's sake and the world's sake don't let disease marry health and beauty. We ought not to *breed* sickness and death if we can help it, and a deal of it might be helped if an eye were given to the health part of marriage.

In every other family but the Human family there is an effort to produce the beautiful—the healthful and the strong—but Adam's sons and daughters seem to have little care in the matter. A woman loves a man, they are united without one thought (in many cases, perhaps in most cases it is so) I say without one thought as to what will be the physical condition of the little ones—will they be strong and healthful—will they be likely to make men and women—will they live so long. When will people cease to be unnatural fools? when will men act like beings with brains, and throw away that worse than foolish modesty on these matters? If people will get married, and they *will*, for heaven's sake let us help them to get right husbands and wives. Suitability must be

part of the contract—suitable in age, temper, condition and estate, morally, religiously and physically. All ways suitable. A blackbird and a canary are not a good match. An old crow and a dove don't pair well. A hawk and a skylark would not agree. Let nature teach us.

I hope nobody will think me wicked for this plain talk. If they do, I shall think they are f——ls. Nobody will, of course not, too much sense! I have heard of some good divines who said that it was better not to marry at all, and so let the world die out. I am sure the young people will not fall in with that, whatever the old ones do. Bless me, where should we have been if it had not been for our grandmothers. Marriage is right enough, only let the parties be well and properly matched. Mothers and fathers ought to look after this business. Tell John to bring his gal home to tea; let's have a look at her. Mary should be told to bring her Jonah to the house for father and mother's inspection. I am sure that wise parents ought to take a greater part in the courtship of their sons and daughters. But, if they are not wise, they are better out of it.

I should, beloved, like to see a grand Government tribunal that might make some interference when an unhealthy and sickly man was about to wed a beautiful woman, or when a drunken, worthless vagabond was about to be joined to a virtuous and pretty girl. Somebody ought to turn guides, that's certain; but I

hear some of my readers shouting, "Liberty—liberty—liberty!" Yes, yes; I know, and I answer, "Poverty—poverty—sickness—disease—deformity—deafness—dumbness," and a host of other things not pleasant to write, and not cheerful enough for the Humorous Parson.

Cats don't often fall in love with dogs, but I am quite certain that many a married couple live a cat and dog life. Well, then, what I say is, Cats should be espoused to cats, and dogs had far better keep their own company, if it were only for the sake of their noses! A birch broom is not the thing for a Turkey carpet, and a little tiny woman, who is about twice as large as a doll, looks out of place hanging on the arm of a fine six-foot high gentleman. But what's that to do with anyone. Of course not. Only such people as the Humorous Parson can't help noticing it. It does appear so much like a tall father leading out one of his little girls who can only just reach his arm when she stands on tip-toe. A great horse and a little pony looks singular, don't they? An old rough donkey and a race horse, both pulling at one cart, would make a cat laugh. Would not all the worshippers stare if a countryman in a new green long smockfrock, arm-in-arm with a fine lady with white veil and lavender silk dress, were to walk down the church together. If you were to put a rose and a potatoe together for a posy, or a small cabbage in your button hole, would be quite as reasonable or sensible as the

union of some people,—we mean marriage, because of union in *most* such cases there is none.

Blessed is the man who has a good wife, and “the other way round,” as the old woman said who was telling a beggar to go to the back door. It is heaven on earth in the house when the husband and wife are suitably and blessedly joined together, when they love each other, and don’t vex and tease and scratch each other’s eyes out! Blacking eyes! shouts of “Murder!” “Help, help, help!” “Oh you monster!” and such like, don’t come of being equally joined together, depend upon it. Mary Brickdust marries Mr. Steelplate, and of course the one is servant to the other. A hard-hearted, rough-spoken man marries a gentle, loving soul of a woman, and he kills her dead, because he is not more kind. A jealous-headed woman, of a plain face, marries a handsome man—one that all the ladies like and every girl would be glad to marry. The plain-faced woman gets no better of her jealousy, cries and tells him he don’t love her, and what made him smile at that young woman, and who was the lady he was talking to at the top of the street. She cannot bear her husband to be loved by other women, and so she takes *poison* and dies! Well, she shouldn’t have married a handsome man; she should have picked out some ugly old fellow that no woman would have married if he had been smothered in gold!

I would not have a sovereign, if I could help it, that nobody liked the look of. We like other people

to like what we like, but when it comes to a man's wife she is to be frowned upon by all men but her husband, or the husband is to be looked black at by all the ladies but his darling wife. What rubbish! If a wife is what she ought to be, the more she is liked the better. Let her be loved, and the more others value her the more her husband should prize her, and bless his stars he has her. Who wants a man that no one else would have. It is nice to be liked, and "it is pleasing to Human Nature," as Mary Flanders said, "to grow the biggest taters." So it is. I like my wife all the more because other people like her; and I loved her all the more because another young man would have had her if I had not. A man wanted to buy our old pony that we were going to shoot, and then we would neither shoot him or sell him. Poor old fellow. If no one wants it it may be thrown away, but if anyone wants it it will fetch a good price. See that the boots fit before you buy them, that's what I say, my dear and precious ones. They will not wear if they don't fit.

Marry at twenty if you have the right person, but be sure you marry health, and wealth if you can. A poor servant with health is better than a sick lady with wealth. If I was a youngster instead of an old man, I should most certainly look out for a pretty, wealthy, healthy young woman, who would share my joys and sorrows, and who would allow me to share her wealth! I would have one of the same religion

as I am, for mine is the true religion, and no mistake. I would not live with my mother and father, nor sister nor brother. Botheration to 'em all. No, I would do as the Bible says, leave father and mother and stick to my wife, bless her.

What I have said is something like a half-ponny worth of "all sorts"—pick out what you like and leave the rest in the paper. May all married folks have more to make them laugh than cry. Heaven help them to be jolly—glad—pleased—delighted. May every man love his wife, and every wife love her husband, and all love each other.

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## XIV.

## MISS BETSY CULLINGTINE!

A LADY WITH A TONGUE!

**B**ETSY CULLINGTINE was a single lady of about five-and-forty, rather tall, wore curls each side of her face, held up with little side combs. She was by no means a fleshy woman, but belonged to the thin and genteel order of society; always dressed in a black silk, with a light crapey kind of shawl, and a small ornamented carpet bag hung from her arm. She was very upright, and

walked as dignified as she looked; a sweet woman gone sour; what some of the enemies called "a single crab." She was well-known, and by no means much esteemed. Betsy would talk (where is the woman that will do anything else?) Miss Cullingtine had her opinion on most subjects, and knew what she thought of most people. Among ignorant people this lady passed for a scholar. She aimed at learning, and made the most absurd mistakes.

"Bless my soul," said Betsy, as she walked down the street and saw the blinds down at Number 5, "if them people aint hout again, hallways hout. However they can stand it I don't know. Why, there's Miss Mercy at school; why that must cost them hard on a £50 a year. Then there's Master Joseph going into business; that will take £500 at least I am sure, and they hoff to the sea side at this time of the year. Well, I know they can't afford it, that's hall." Miss Cullingtine made strong use of the "h" in some words; she always put it in "out;" out was *hout*, and all was hall. She used to speak of her heyeyes. "Bless my heyeyes," said she one morning as the postman brought her two letters, "here's a joke, one from Dora Takeroot and one from Jane Jorkings. Both love letters, but not one from a gentleman! "If hever high do have an hoffer! don't think I shall take it. Men are such deceptive creatures. There is no knowing them. They are as full of deception as heggs are full of meat; and so many of them so

huncultivated; so hignorant, they don't know not nothing, I ham quite sure. A lady of my standing would require an heducated man and a gentleman. Yes, just that; but, bless my soul, I ham very well as I ham. Me and my dear friend Miss Flora Lumkins will remain has we hare for the present. We shall be quite as well hoff as that young couple as got married last week and had not so much as a fry pan to start housekeeping with. That was a joke, to be sure it was, and I have been told that old Moster Wonsdor means to marry Miss Tomoss, and they are going to London to get it over, and that he is going to make hall his property over to her on the morning of the wedding, and he is worth ten thousand pounds, that's what they say. It will be a fine thing for her to be made a lady hall at once. I hate her—a proud stuck up thing. He's very well, but I hate her. And there's them Green's, flirting about with young men. It's perfectly disgraceful; a parcel of girls and boys—what else are they—23 or 4 years old. Bah. I can't bear it. If I had the management of them young ladies I would find them something to do besides walking with low-bred young men, has I ham sure they are—not as it concerns me, not at hall it don't. When I was young I used to do such things myself, but I would not do it now for the world. Not the finest man which walks should never win my heart. I don't wish to bother my head with other people's



business; enough for me to mind my own. Has I was saying to Mrs. Sugarvill when I was telling her what an awful noise them people make next door, and what I heard when I put my hear against the wall of my bedroom, I told her that of hall things in this world I detested was backbiting—people meddling with what don't hat tall concern them."

Why, in the name of common sense, don't folks mind their hown affairs. Miss Betsy Cullingtine, my beloved, my *dearly* beloved, was a mischief making old cat! and a would-be lady. She was as ignorant as a horse and as vain as a peacock. Her tongue for talk was a mile long. She invented the biggest untruths, told them to her friends in confidence, and thus kept the whole town alive. A long tongue, glib tongue, lying tongue, good-for-nothing old puss; chatter, chatter, chatter; talk, talk, talk, from morning till night. If she, beloved, had been a member of my church I would have sent a thunderbolt at her, a nasty old thing, I would. The church is not quite free from such ladies now. There is a great deal of "Have you heard that Mrs. So-and-So's washerwoman was told that Mrs. Brown heard say that young Jones was thinking of taking a farm. A deal too much of what he said, or they said." If some persons think a thing they say they heard it, and state it as a fact.

"Yes," said Betsy Cullingtine, "they say she had a bad nurse, who gave her her dinner hout of a damp

plate ; but I believe she was fond of a little drop of gin !”

I am seriously afraid that there are many Betsy Cullingtine’s in all our churches ; and you know, beloved, they play the devil with any church. One Betsy will disturb the peace ! two Betsies will make a confusion !! three Betsies will make a very stormy church, and four Betsies are enough to break up a cause. Many a church has been almost ruined by *one* Betsy !!! We ought, I am sure, my beloved brethren and faithful of the flock, to pray for these dear sisters. The prayers of the church are sought on behalf of Miss Betsy Cullingtine, who is afflicted with an enlargement of the vocal member. Pray that she may talk less and more truthfully.

If any lady (or gentleman) for they can talk ! should see any likeness of themselves in this short lecture on the human tongue, let them tongue it less, and their neighbours will like them more, and heaven will bless them. There is a time to speak and a time to be still. It is the still part of the Scriptures I recommend to all the boiling of these Betsy Cullingtines. Be still—hold your tongue—don’t speak—utter not a word for fear of telling a lie.

When you have not good to speak,  
Keep your tongue within your teeth.

(DEDICATED TO THE FAMILY OF THE CULLINGTINES.)

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business; enough for me to mind  
 was saying to Mrs. Sugarvill  
 what an awful noise them  
 and what I heard when I  
 wall of my bedroom, I

YES.

in this world I detest the most hateful tax of all taxes.  
 meddling with what and it taxes your humour.

Why, in the name of heaven, do you talk about a text than a tax.  
 mind their how with eight children having to help to  
 my beloved, Mr. Brown. But I don't believe she gets it, poor  
 old cat! and as a horse. If she did I could bear it better. It goes  
 as a horse. If she did I could bear it better. It goes  
 talk was, keep a lot of young fellows in places where they  
 truths, are precious little to do, and someone to help them,  
 thus, it goes to keep a lot of fellows in red jackets, and  
 tongue feeds them up to fight, as Mrs. Brown says, the  
 chee Roccans.

ti' Of course, beloved, we must pay taxes, we all know  
 r that. I know it, for as soon as I get a £1 saved up  
 there comes some one with a double knock, and I  
 think "that's a gentleman come to see me," but the  
 servant comes to my study door and says, "Please,  
 sir, a gentleman has called for the Income Tax."  
 "Confound the gentleman and tax too. Tell your  
 Missus to pay it." There goes another £2 10s. I  
 tell yer, that's the way they fetch it. What I grumble  
 at is making it so unpleasant—to support the Queen.  
 Bless her, we are willing enough to maintain her and  
 all her dear children, only the taxes ought to be put  
 on those who have plenty, and where the paying them

man of a bit of fresh butter, and it  
things not incomes.

lies told about this Income Tax

If some of those Government

for persons for a year or two they  
the art of raising the wind, beloved,

offending the people. It is not the money  
object to, but the way in which it is demanded.

"Want to know how much you get a year." What's  
that to do with them? Show your books, and if you  
don't have £200 a year you ought, so you must pay  
on £200, and when you are once on the list get off  
if you can. They will follow you, my dears, from one  
town to another like bloodhounds. Ah, they will.

Why don't they put a good big tax on crime—on  
drunkenness—the use of bad language—and late  
hours? Why not tax vanity! over-trimmed ladies  
photographs, public smoking, and expectorating on  
the path-ways? Taxes might be made a kind of  
street scavenger, an officer of the peace, and a re-  
mover of foul smells. Tax the bad things the people  
will have, and so get good out of evil. There are many  
things which might be a little dearer, and no one  
would feel it. Tax young men with two sweethearts,  
tax old maids for keeping single, and every man over  
thirty for not being married; tax young folks who  
wish to marry before they are old enough, and every  
pair who can't live happily together; tax the devil  
and make him pay if you can. But away with the

ly hate that Tax,

## XV.

THE QUEEN let that a great number  
 re a farthing to anything

INCOME TAX is the sun itself, if they could  
 as the washerwoman said,  
 It taxes the r But then the liberal should  
 I would so stingy. We know that some *few*  
 Think of a man aggregations, beloved, want a tax put  
 keep the Queen then they wont pay, not a penny. Get  
 woman. I if you can. They study how *little* they  
 to keep a how much.

have pr in the same *spear*," as the local  
 or it g brother said, "once met the devil—he said he did.  
 feeds Mr. Preacher, how are you getting on at your  
 Room Well, Mr. Preacher, 'full attendance,  
 C place?' 'Well,' said the preacher, 'full attendance,  
 th and good is being done.' 'Ah,' said Satan, 'but do  
 th you know that half of them don't pay for their seats,  
 t and the other half stay away on collection Sundays?  
 They are a selfish lot.'"

Now, beloved, I have no doubt about the truth of  
 this—so far as the money goes. Too many, ah, yes,  
 I am sorry to say it, but by far too many pass the  
 plates at the church doors, and go out with a sanctified  
 turn up of the eyes, too full of the Spirit to think of  
 giving. "What I give," said a man, "is nothing to  
 nobody." I should think not. It would be, my flock,  
 a great blessing to the religious community if an  
 Income Tax could be put on all chapel and church

goers; make them pay to come in; that would be an Income tax for them! But, as Deacon Countcash says, and very truly too, if we were to do that they wouldn't come at all. Sooner than some devoted *saints* would be *made* to pay for the support of the church or the cause of religion, they would stay away altogether. If some of them cannot go to heaven without paying for it, they are prepared to go somewhere else!!! The pretty creatures, they are.

Well, I don't like the Income Tax (*Government*), but it would be no offence to me to pay to go into church. The Scotch do it, and the church will not be strong till she is prepared to give Christ more of her silver and gold. The time may come when a rich man will be ashamed to offer God a threepenny bit! when the coppersmith will only be seen among the poor, and when offerings to God will be as common as saying of prayers. We ought not to require the devil's coals to make up Christ's fire. But as God's own people do not find money enough to pay the costs of Zion, we are obliged to go begging to the devil's own, and it's rather hard for the devil that his children should help to support the kingdom that he is trying to overthrow. And it's a burning and glaring shame on the religious world that it should be so. If Satan makes his own fire and keeps it a burning, that's all he should be expected to do. He ought not to be called upon to find the church coals!!!

"But," says someone, "how can God's poor people pay a Spiritual income tax?" I answer, "Very well indeed. We pay the Queen's Taxes because we *must*, then let us pay the King's taxes because we *must*." Christ has saved us; that should be enough to make a good collection anywhere where there is any money. A stingy Christian cannot be a happy one. If a man is not a liberal soul he knows little of the bliss of true religion. A man may not give till he has nothing to give. I should not like, beloved people, for another man to have to work for my old beauty and my handsome children. I should hate him—hate the sight of him. So I detest having to go out of doors to ask help of God's enemies. Let the church pay her own rates. *Church* rates are proper for church people. Let *all* churches pay their own rates! The lamps of the temple are not to be burning the devil's oil.

The Christian who tries to give as little as possible to the cause of his God is drying up his own soul, and bringing himself into all kinds of poverty. The liberal soul shall be made fat—fat as a pig, beloved, but not so vulgar. He who spares the seed shall have a poor harvest. "Give, and it shall be given to you again." "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

God pays more than ten per cent.!!! People can find cash for everything else. They can find it for their backs, find it for their bellies, evening parties,

day trips, a plunge into the fashion, better house, more furniture, a pretty picture—any thing and every thing can be bought and paid for, so there is plenty of money. The heart to give to the Lord is needed. If we did not give our wives more after the rate than we give the Lord they would not live with us, and its only a wonder that God don't bundle us out of His Church altogether for being so miserably mean. The world will never believe that we love Christ or that there is anything in religion to love till they see we are willing to pay for it. We sometimes sing

Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my life, my soul, my *all*!

Plenty of professors, beloved, don't give Christ's cause half as much in a year as they blow away in smoke! Give Him! should like to see it, much! Confound such meanness, I hate it. If the church would fork out she would have more to fork out. How much is Jesus Christ worth to you? "Oh," you say, "all the world." Then why not give Him a little more of your substance? "Can't afford it." Don't lie!!!—Let us pray.

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## XVI.

## SATAN AND THE PIGS.

THERE is, my dearly beloved, a very singular story told in the Holy Scriptures relative to pigs and the devil. It seems that the Saviour in His travels met a poor man whom Satan had inhabited for some time, and when the Lord drew nigh the devils (for there were many) cried aloud not to be turned out without a covering, and as there was a herd of swine not far off, and as the leading devil wished it, the Lord permitted these foul spirits to enter the poor pigs. But they made a disgraceful disturbance in the man before they left him. He never forgot those devils, you may depend on it. They upset him and turned him about in a fearful manner, beloved, like people who have notice to leave the house they live in—turn spiteful, make the paper dirty, break the windows, scratch the walls, stop up the sink pipe, and chalk on the shutters, “THIS HOUSE NOT TO BE LET!”

So these little devils, beloved, did all that lay in their power to ruin this poor devil-taken man, but our Master Jesus was too much for them. They were ten to one, yet it made no difference; He ordered

them out ! and out they were obliged to go immediately the command was given. No *grace* for devils, not a moment. When they left all the *spirits* of the man was gone, and he seemed like one dead. He had had plenty of spirits up till now, and now they were beginning to be very low, indeed they all were running down to the sea ! The man did better than the pigs or the spirits either, for he got well, but the pigs, poor things, were all choked, and I hope the devils were too.

When the devils left their human abode they were allowed to enter, as stated in the Scriptures, the herd of swine, and they, poor things, went mad through having too much spirit ! Down they went, full gallop, squeaking and squalling, grunting and bawling, beloved. Ah, you should have seen them with their little tails curled and their ears laid back as they went down the hill side. It almost frightened the lad that kept them out of his wits. The pigs could not tell what had come to them ; they were never so taken before—never before were pigs so unanimously of one mind. They all ran together and all ran one way (downwards). This was the devil a piggy-back. How strange they must have felt ; they were not used to such driving. It was a cold bath for them. They were all baptised, *dipped and covered !* It quite intoxicated them ! They were not used to such *spirits and water !* Nor were ever such *spirits and water* mixed before !!! There was plenty

of pork for the fish, if they were not too much alarmed to take it.

The owners of this herd of swine were sadly put out when they heard how the devil had treated them, and they laid all the blame, beloved, on Jesus Christ. But you know it was their own fault. They should not have encouraged the devil amongst them, then they would not have lost their pigs. They came to Jesus and prayed Him to leave those parts altogether. They were afraid that Satan might fall in love with the rest of their *stock*, if Jesus had allowed it, so they stupidly tried to get rid of the Lord.

Beloved brethren, I take my text at this time out of the 8th chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew, at the 32nd verse: "And behold the whole heard of swine ran violently down a steep place into the sea, and perished in the waters." I shall observe the following divisions:—

- I. The devil *will* drive somebody.
- II. If He cannot drive *men* he will drive *pigs*.
- III. Whom he drives he drives violently.
- IV. Whom he drives he drives to destruction.

It must be confessed that Satan is a master driver. He drives with power and great skill, and yet with easy fascination. He can, and does, turn facetious and drives on his mighty population with a merry laugh. He must be somebody's driver or leader. It makes no difference to him whether he drives or leads,

so long as he is head master. If he cannot frighten them on, he will lead them on with a song and a dance. He can be a pleasant music master or a *very devil*; but he must be doing. Someone must be his *pig*! and, beloved, he is all the more *delighted* (if the devil ever is delighted) when there's a large litter of *pigs* for him to lead on and on till he brings them to the slaughterhouse! He will turn little boys into thieves and girls into street-walkers, and men into beasts and women into the *beasts* of beasts. He must be driving on his trade, the damnation of human souls, and bodies too! is his special business. He can do little without a *body*. He is obliged to be covered; he is too awful a fellow, beloved, to be seen without a covering. He don't take in his own coat—people know him, so he dresses up in human form and so deludes the million. The king, the queen, the prince, the pauper, the wise, the otherwise, the none-wise, the old, the young, the rich, the poor, the good, the bad, are all in their turn driven by the devil at his will.

But in the II. place, my dear and precious ones, you will kindly notice that if Sir H. Nick cannot drive men he drives pigs, as shown in my text, Any port in a storm. Better go in a wheelbarrow than in no vehicle at all. So thought Satan when he and *his* left the poor man and entered into the pigs. These pigs were the best accommodation he could find at the time, which sheweth that even

his majesty the devil is sometimes hard up like the rest of us. It is not often he is in such a strait; he can generally obtain men for a shelter and a covering. It was very humiliating to the devil to have to go into swine. He had often had a lodging with kings, and to come down to pigs must have been vexatious, even to the evil one. We therefore remind him that it is possible for him yet to be so shut out of human hearts that he may be glad of pigs again. I should be sorry for the swine, but I cannot say with *all* my love that I should be sorry for the devil. Not like a brother reverend who said, "No one prays for the poor devil." It would be a sorry change for Satan to be quite ejected from the human and have to dwell in pigs—cats—dogs—and the like. It would be all the better for us, but worse for the P.C.D.

Now, observe in the III. part of our discourse that whom the devil drives he drives violently. "The pigs ran violently down a steep place and perished in the sea.' Yes, Satan makes short work of it with many. When he once enters he drives on with terrific force and gets them done for as quickly as his power will permit. He drives no slow coaches; all his trains are *express*! He is often able to run a young man through to hell in half-a-dozen years, and some in less time than that. He makes haste to damn them. The road to perdition is wide and down hill all the way, and those who go thither go there in a hurry! It's a fearful slope—down, down, down!

So easy, so sweet, so nice, and yet the way of sinners is hard ; ah, it is hard to be lost. It may be said truly of the prince of the power of the air that he is in a devil of a hurry to hurry men to death and woe ! The sooner he gets them under lock and key, the sooner he is assured of their eternal fix !!! The devil don't like to wait till a man is eighty years of age before he turns the key on him. He would prefer that he should murder someone and be hanged for it, or hang himself, and save others the trouble of waiting on him. The watchword of Satan is " Quick, quick, quick ; hurry them ; drive them ; push them ; speed, speed, quicker, quicker, quicker still." If one of the devil's poor pigs tries to run away from the rest into the green fields of the Lord, Satan would shoot that pig dead, beloved, if it lay in his power to do so. He never lets a sinner go if he can by any means help it. We are, however, thankful to know that many do

Leave the dreadful ways of sin,  
Turn to the fold and enter in.

In the IV. place you will see that whom Satan drives he drives to ruin. An old divine once said that the devil always brought his hogs to a bad market. They perished in the sea !!! Those poor pigs, beloved, no doubt thought that they were running home to the farmyard, and yet they must have wondered why they were all in such a desperate hurry. It was sudden death to them all, but I don't think, beloved, that it was

sudden glory. It must be said that those pigs came to an untimely end! Pigs generally die of sticking, but in this case they gave up the ghost by drowning. It might be said that they were put to the pickle before they were put to the knife. What became of the legion of devils I don't know. Perhaps they all perished with the swine; I hope they did; and perhaps they managed to get up in the air! and perhaps they are still in the sea to alarm and terrify all who may pass that way. But to tell you the truth, I don't know where they are, and I do not care.

I trust, however, beloved, that none of those devils will ever serve you as they served those poor pigs. Watch and pray! There are many of the same kind about, and they are very artful and cunning, and if they could do you a turn they would; but it would be a bad turn, depend upon it. Ah, the end of Satan's service is death; no other reward to anyone! That's all a king gets, and a poor man gets no more, whatever he may promise (and he is not particular about the truth, beloved). Death is the end of Satan's service. If you serve him well he will sting and bite you for it to all eternity. The more service you render, the worse off you will be—try it! Let me say to you, that if you attend to the devil's wishes and do for him all he desires, or only a part of what he wants, you had better be one of those poor devil-driven pigs that got choked in the sea, for Satan could do no more with the pigs after they were drowned;

but if you are one whom he drives, he will keep driving you in another world, and the road will be much rougher there than it is here. Hell's road will blister your feet if you get there, I can tell you. Take care that he does not get you on the slope of the hill, and pray God that you may never be in his line. you don't want to be butchered by him; no. Look rather to the Lord, and make your supplication unto Him. If you are a pig, beloved, still ask Him to remember you; tell Him you do not wish to die the death of those poor pigs which suffered through the spirits and water 1800 years ago. Ask Him to give you grace to be a saint, and not a pig.

Some men are more like pigs than men—that is to say, their conduct is so low and base, dirty, unmanly, only of a pigsty order. I should not be surprised if the devil were to enter lots of these fellows and run them down into the sea of death. They seem to tempt the demon to do it. It would not be a serious loss to get rid of some of that kind of pigs!!! Their wives and children would be just as well without their lordships as with them. What is a fat, dirty, lazy, guzzling man but a pig? Stick him! and then he will not fetch 6d. a pound. Try to be *men*, beloved, noble-hearted, pure as Jesus, good as St. Paul, loving as St. John, and as zealous as St. Peter; try to drive the devil; he will flee if you resist him! say, "Get ye gone, Satan." He takes a deal of notice when he is thus ordered off. Say, "The Lord rebuke thee."



God, for Christ's sake, bring thee, my beloved care,  
to His Kingdom and glory, and make you shout for  
joy eternity through.

I will leave the devil and the pigs with you !

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## XVII.

### THEM DISSENTERS !

FOR AND AGAINST.

**I** DO believe, my beloved, that half them Dissenters have but a small portion of Gospel truth in them. They are no better than they should be, you may be sure. They pride themselves that they belong, as they put it, to the non. cons. But be sure of one thing, namely, that many Churchmen have wagon loads more of religion than great numbers of Dissenters. I do not wish to be hard—you know me too well for that, don't you, my own dear people?—but still I must confess, I feel bound to say so, that hundreds of them chapel people will never, no never, see the light of heaven. They will not have their infants baptized by our clergymen ; they do not endorse our Baptismal Regeneration ; they will not say our prayers ; they disapprove of our Prayer Book

and our Service for the Dead ; they say ringing of bells is useless, and steeple-houses a waste of money. How is it possible, my beloved, that these non. cons. can be saved ? You may depend on it, my care, that they are a bad lot ! And yet (to be *candied*, as the confectioner said to his wife about an old sweetheart), I think you know that they are wrong just because they aint right (as the servant said in the witness box). I mean, beloved, that they do not know the Lord Jesus. If they did, they would be eternally delivered from wrath, no doubt about that.

I am a *true Churchman*, yet I nevertheless hold that even a Dissenter will be saved if he firmly trusts Christ ; and, if I lose my gown for it, I will say it—I must say it, preach it, in Church and out of Church—being saved is not coming to Church, but doing what the Lord requires. My Bishop may be ready to send me to the devil for such a feeling to them Dissenters, for I know he hates them, and says that they cannot be saved—impossible. I think, you know, beloved, he's a fool for saying that ! Not that I shall say one word against my Bishop, not me, oh no, it would be suicidal to do so. But at the same time them non. cons. are in many things as narrow-minded a set of people as ever breathed a breath of air ; and as to our Prayer Book, why some of them meetings had much better use it, for many of their praying men only have one form of prayer. Our Book, you know, gives many. I heard of one old man who goes to the chapel

God, for Christ's sake, bring of the way, who always to His Kingdom and glor the people say they know joy eternity through. Like a friend of mine who

I will leave the de cause of one of these non. cons.,

to go by the train, so when the praying just after the morning meal,

friend said to the little boy who was

by his side, "Will yer father soon be done,

"O no, sir," said the boy, "he has not

yet to Jerusalem yet, sir."

I hate to see a non. con. dressed up in a Church-

man's suit; they don't like forms of prayer, and yet

they never do anything else but pray a form of

prayer. If they changed their prayers I should be

the last to say a word about it. But there is old

Timton; hear him pray when you will he always

brings in the "oil from vessel to vessel." And there

is John Lillyblink; he always prays that the *Pasture*

might hear his Master's feet behind him. And then

there is Simon Condor—he is sure to say "as

far as the east is from the west hast Thou removed

our transgressions from us." Now, as the Rev. Mr.

Parescope said, these Dissenters had far better have

a book of prayers. But, beloved, some of these non.

cons. pray most delightfully.

There was a Baptist minister by the name of, dear-me-now-what-was-his-name I wonder? Oh, Mr. Dipwater; yes, the Rev. W. B. Dipwater I remember, that was his name, he could pray for fifty minutes at

he used to pray some of them off  
and he had a fine gift in prayer.

I can understand how these non. cons. get on  
without our Prayer Book. I have often felt  
if I should like to be a Baptist minister myself.  
Of course I don't mean for the mere sake of getting  
their incomes, for, poor fellows, some of them are  
half-starved I am sure. I suppose, beloved, that no  
men are so badly paid as these Baptist ministers.  
Well, they are big flats. Why don't they come  
over to the Church? They would have to be  
poor curates at first, but then they would make up  
for it afterwards. I am not so dead down on those  
non. cons. as some of the clergy. I have heard some  
of my brethren speak most unkind things of them,  
quite unchristian like, as Mrs. Gussit said, quite  
wicious. No, my people, you may depend on what  
I am going to say, that if High Churchmen and High  
Non. Cons. were put in a sack and well shook up  
together and shot out on the Church floor, you would  
not know t'other from which, as they say in London. I  
should not like our Bishop to be acquainted with it,  
as he might want to undress me (*before bedtime*), but  
I do most heartily think that a converted man is a  
saved man, a Non. Con. or a Churchman, ah that I  
do, my flock!

You may be sure of one thing, and that is this,  
them Dissenters will overrun the earth, and our old  
Church (God bless her) will come into the hands of

them uncircumcised Pillerstines, as the religious shoemaker said at his class. Yes, the old National Churches will be the Dissenters churches, and our churchyards will be as free to them then as they are to us now. What a change "since George was King," as the song says.

I tell you what, beloved, if I could have as good a *living* among them *Baptists* as I now have among the Church of the Nation people, I would turn Dissenter to-morrow. O, I forgot, that is saints day; well, the day after, for I am more and more convince, that there is more true holiness out of the Church than there is in it. I know at the commencement of this address I did not say as much, but you see I have improved as I have gone on; and besides, I want our Church people to listen to me on these subjects, so I began at a distance; that's the best way sometimes.

When the devil wishes to lead you into a muddy road he will pretend to be your guide to the cleanest path. I stand and tremble for our Church. Of course I don't let anyone see me, but I am as sure as can be that the head of the Church will be cut off. I am sorry for Queen Victoria, because it is not a pleasant thing to have your head cut off. But as sure as bacon her head will not be the head of the Church for ever. What ever will the House of Lords say when they see a decapitated State Church? Beloved Churchmen and ladies, I think the Queen is as good a head to a Church as can be found next to Jesus Christ; and when He gives up being the Head I

shall vote for our dear Queen to take it. But while He is alive I think we should not own another head.

A Church with two heads! Who would like a lady with two heads I should like to know, especially with two tongues!!! If we had a child in our house with two heads I am sure we should be glad if someone would knock one off. It would be a treat to hear people say "I'll knock yer head off for yer." The head of the Church will have to come off. It will be a royal execution of a spiritual kind, and, beloved, if the Church *is* cut adrift from the throne, it will be all through them non. cons. Them Dissenters are an awful lot of people. When they take anything into their heads they will not rest till they accomplish it; and you will see they will keep preaching, lecturing and writing till they pull the Church right away from the State. They are sure to send a lot of fellows to Parliament who will bring in Bills to upset the Church. They will never rest till they get the old lady right away from her royal grandmother.

You know, beloved, a good many of them non. cons. have been burned for things not half so bad as they are doing now. I believe it was all through them Dissenters that we had to stop our Church Rates; yes, and they will have our churchyards next, and every blessed thing they can lay their hands on. They are the biggest set of thieves that ever lived, beloved, that they are! They want to disendow, disestablish, and decapitate the dear old Church,

that's what they want to do, and they will do it as sure as pigs are turned into bacon or sheep into mutton. If the Government pay us parsons out I don't so much mind. Of course I know the old house wants coming down; her walls are splitting now—anyone can see that. My word, what a dust there will be when the tumble takes place. It will nearly smother them Dissenters; but, bless you, they will soon lay the dust; they would empty all their Baptistries to do that.

If I am provided for I don't mind about it at all. The sooner it takes place perhaps the better for the nation's good. Them non. cons. are saying it is Church nation hard that it has not been done before. But they are always in such a galloping hurry. We are not going to have the Church of a Nation divorced all in a minute to please a set of non. cons. Not a bit of it. When the old lady is untied let it be done with a gentle hand. Remember that she is old and very feeble, and cannot bear much pulling about; her sight is bad and so is her hearing, poor old dear. Indeed, she is on her last legs, like Tom Lobkin's donkey. No doubt the Churchmen have brought this on themselves; they have treated the Dissenters most awful, they have.

The other day there was a big fall of rain, and afterwards the snails came out in large quantities. A boy was sent down the garden to pick up the snails; and so he did, and threw them into the next door

neighbour's garden. His father ran down and remonstrated with him. "Why do you so-for? don't you know how wicked it is to do that? how would you like anyone to throw snails into your garden?" "Well, father," said the boy, "they are only Dissenters!!!" "What!" said the father, "you mean to tell me the people over the wall are Dissenters?" "Yes, father." "Then you can throw them over!" Let the non. cons. have the snails; make them pay Church Rates; shut them out of our graveyards; don't give them a religious interment; if they have not been sprinkled treat them as ungodly, miserable sinners. That's the way to pull the Church down.

I don't wonder at anything now. The lion is out, and the steam is up, and the Dissenters mean to have religious oneness. "One man is as good as another," say they, and a great deal better. These non. cons. say, "Give us a free platform and we will, under God, convert the world!!!" My word, they have got something to do before they do that. I heard one of their locals say, "We do not ask for sin to be put in fetters, nor laws to hold back wrong-doing. The Gospel," says the fellow, "will do all that. Give us a clear platform, a free pulpit, an unfettered press, and no endowments, and, by the help of the Lord, we will turn the world upside down." Well, thought I, if you do that we shall all be standing on our heads, which would be very uncomfortable, beloved, and give us the blood on the brain.



A friend of mine (a rev. gentleman and a D.D.) tells me that the Church will do better apart from the State ten times over; and he says that when her clergy have to earn their bread before they eat it, all the short-tongued-long-tongued gentlemen of the order will be pushed out, or else starve, for he says nobody would give them a penny. Indeed, he told me that if he was in a fire he would not get out to hear them preach, for he says of all the cat-howling he ever heard he never heard anything like the howling of those parsons, beloved.

Well, I shall remain vicar of this parish as long as I am able, and after that I shall, if I can, be a non. con. Think of the Humorous Parson being a non. con. !—Dr. Parson, Humorous non. con.

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### XVIII.

#### ABOMINABLE MEANNESS!!!

**W**HY did R. C. Gripple, Esq., leave the congregation in Striving-square, Middletown?

Because they were about to raise a fund to build a new schoolroom and he did not like the idea of *parting* !!! for he and his gold were *fast* friends.

So as the thing became warm he became very cold, and as the money rolled in he walked out. But Mr. Gripple says he did not enjoy the ministry as he used to before the new schoolroom project was introduced. Up to that time he much admired the preacher's discourses ; indeed, he praised his minister up to the skies, and said that there was no man he ever heard with such pleasure. But, strange to relate, just as the schoolroom fever came about, Mr. Gripple, at that very self-same time, began to feel that there was not that power and fervor in the sermons of the Rev. Mr. Evergood (his pastor) as in the days of the past, so of course he did not go to Striving-square quite so frequently as formerly,—went now and then to a little Chapel in Humble-place, sometimes to Church, and then would be out of town for a Sunday, till last of all, beloved, he was seen no more !! He did not wish to say *what* was the cause of his retirement from the congregation in Striving-square—he had his reasons—he was no enemy to the cause, yet he was often seen talking to a base fellow who was a very *black heart* ! and would like to put the cause *out* of being.

Old Mrs. Pillyvincks says it is only his meanness ; it's just because he did not want to give anything to the new schoolroom. She says its just like him. She calls him a mean old *nipper*, and says he would not support his own children if he could prevent it. You should hear her go on about him ; and I have heard before, beloved, that he is very *close*, and yet you

know he has plenty; £5 would have passed him off as a right liberal soul. But no, he would rather go sneaking about from one congregation to another, or stay at home and waste the Sabbath, than he would part from his gold. It would not be so bad if he would state the real cause of his leaving the congregation in Striving-square. If he would say right out like a man, "Well, I shan't give anything towards the new schoolroom; and I shan't come to the services any more, because if I did I should be expected to contribute," that would be manly; but to go off and lay it all to the parson, beloved, is too bad.

These shrivel-hearted professors are not particularly truthful or they would not blame an innocent person. Mr. R. C. Gripple's heart is a very poor one, you may be sure. He suffers from the golden canker, a well-known heart disease, which dries and shrivels all the soft parts of the heart and leaves it ultimately like a small stone instead of a large and fleshy heart. This same disease produces money on the brain and an enlargement of the organ to get.

I have seen many people in my time who suffered with the same disease precisely. It's a dreadful complaint and perhaps known more among the rich than the poor or it may be that it's more noticeable among the rich. I have seen many carried off with it, poor things. When it comes on them they begin to have an unnatural love, namely, a love of wealth, and they look upon men and all else in life as not worthy

of their consideration. They get under the impression that they shall come to want; think that they may yet die in a workhouse; and when anyone asks them for a little for the destitute, or some good cause, they come to the conclusion that you mean robbing them, and no matter how intimate you were before, they will fight shy of you after your appeal.

There was a man a member of the Church over which my dear brother, the Rev. Porter Vainman, presided. This man was converted by the preaching of Mr. Vainman, and used to attend his cottage prayer meetings and pray delightfully. All the friends were surprised at the gift the man had in addressing God, beloved. He went on very nicely indeed for a time, and his wife and children were all in attendance. The children went to the Sunday school, and the husband and wife were often at the service in the week, held on Wednesday evenings—the same night, beloved, that our own meetings are held. Well, there was something to be done to the Church—cleaning or making some alterations, something which needed money. It was not a Parish Church that this man was asked to give some small sum to to help carry out the work; but in a Sunday or two his place was vacant. My friend Vainman went to see him and told him how sad it was for him not to be in his place on the Lord's-day. He asked him what was the cause of his absence. The man said he did not know. He, however, promised to attend more regularly, but

know he has plenty; £5 would have passed him off as a right liberal soul. But no, he would rather go sneaking about from one congregation to another, or stay at home and waste the Sabbath, than he would part from his gold. It would not be so bad if he would state the real cause of his leaving the congregation in Striving-square. If he would say right out like a man, "Well, I shan't give anything towards the new schoolroom; and I shan't come to the services any more, because if I did I should be expected to contribute," that would be manly; but to go off and lay it all to the parson, beloved, is too bad.

These shrivel-hearted professors are not particularly truthful or they would not blame an innocent person. Mr. R. C. Gripple's heart is a very poor one, you may be sure. He suffers from the golden canker, a well-known heart disease, which dries and shrivels all the soft parts of the heart and leaves it ultimately like a small stone, instead of a large and fleshy heart. This same disease produces money on the brain and an enlargement of the organ *to get*.

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ainman,  
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 there is no cure for Mr. Gripple  
 I know what would cure  
 can't persuade them to take it,—  
 of the weekly envelopes. Take one a  
 Church), also take a few of the Rev.  
 tracts; one called the Golden Gospel is very  
 golden canker disease, shriveled heart, and  
 the brain. But then they will not take these  
 No, they foolishly think they are better  
 If they were once cured of the disease  
 they would never desire to be a victim again.  
 Bless you, they have no peace in their lives. I have  
 some of them, for the value of sixpence, look  
 the most mean and miserable of all created beings,  
 and, as our old grave-digger says, lousy for the sake  
 of a penny!

I should think, beloved, that our old sexton's heart  
 is big enough to make a hundred such as Mr. Gripple's.  
 These people will never own that they have got the  
 yellow distemper (for that is what many Churchmen  
 call it). No, no; they give away as much as other

don't make so much talk about it;  
 rumpet like some they know; they  
 they give!!! They give what  
 Queen should do no more.

plain, a set of liars! because  
 on they do not give a penny-  
 or anything. They will see that they  
 all they give, which is not giving at all.

ere were a concert for the benefit of the  
 urch Funds, or the Pastoral Aid Society, they  
 would go into the back seats, or privately beg a ticket  
 or pop in late when the money-taker was paying at-  
 tention to what was going on. These mean, lousy,  
 contemptible fellows are not worth a penny a day.  
 They will borrow pence of you and forget to pay them  
 back. They will smoke your cigars, use your tobacco  
 and drink with you, but you will never find them  
 offering to pay for anything, not so much as a toll  
 gate. They are so awful mean. I would not be a  
 cat belonging to one of them. I should expect to be  
 transparent if I were.

I have heard of one of those charming specimens  
 of humanity ordering his tailor to make his clothes  
 to fit tighter so that he should eat all the less dinner,  
 the fool!—stand and mouthe for twenty minutes to  
 buy an article sixpence cheaper—walks five miles to  
 his home to save threepence, and is worth thousands  
 of pounds—wears his things till they are only fit for  
 rags. Mean—narrow—small—little—a thing, and



not a man!—brimful of covetousness—self—self—self. “Everyone for myself,” said the man from Ireland—that’s what all these metal worshippers say. Self! self!! self!!! They want full measure for their money, and great bargains! The poor and the fatherless are nothing to them, they have no right to be poor, and if they are poor, *they* cannot keep all the poor, enough to keep themselves. They have plenty of calls on them, though they say nothing about them, they don’t. If ever, by mistake, one of them should be beguiled to give to any one of the ten thousand good works in the world, he begs that it might not be once named among you. Why, why for fear you should tell some one that would send someone else? He has no wish to repeat the munificence; he sacrifices the honour of giving to the fear of being called on a second time—a poor skinny mortal! One of our Sunday School children told me, beloved, that one of these mean people was going down Needham Street, the other day, and a blind man and his wife were singing a hymn—that hymn

“Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,

Just now!”

and a little girl who was begging for them saw a rich man, and went up to him and asked an alms of him, and he opened his heart and gave the little beggar girl a half-penny; when the girl got back to the blind man and his wife they still went on singing to the well-known tune of——

"Come to Jesus !  
 Come to Jesus !  
 What's he gen yer ?  
 What's he gen yer ?  
*The girl answering—*  
 Oney apeny ;  
 Oney apeny ;  
 Skinchy beggar !  
 Skinchy beggar !"

Amen.

Now I must tell you that this mean disposition is contrary to the fulness of the gospel and the teachings of the true Church. If a man did indeed live on the gospel, he would grow fat. There is nothing in the teachings of the divine record to warrant a person being stingy—quite the reverse—everything to condemn it. The Scriptures teach frugality, but not meanness—not the bowing down to gold. The blessed Word of God don't breed the gold canker and money on the brain. No, the Queen of Truth sends her sword right into the heart of covetousness ! James the divine, beloved, dresses these gold-cankerised people in coats of red-hot metal, and tells them it will eat them as doth a canker. Let them get their coats off if they can. A miser's hell will be made of his gold melted down into a hot-bath. Let him take care, and all who have the money fever, else they will find themselves—whence they cannot return !


"Let your generosity  
 Be part of your theology,  
 Give without pomposity,  
 Exciting curiosity."

Recommended to the great and well-known tribe  
 of Screws !!!

H. P.

## XIX.

## TENDER FEELINGS!

Y gentle admirers, I am about to address you on a subject of a tender kind—the tender feelings of a vast host of our dear friends. I am aware of the delicacy of the subject, for there is just a danger of paining some of the tender feelings belonging to the people of whom we are about to speak.

The glass case which surrounds these susceptible creatures is the thinnest and most brittle ever blown! The gentlest breeze which floats in the golden sky of a summer's eve is likely to be distressing to the tender feelings of this tender tribe. A word often cuts them to the very heart—albeit that word was meant for some one at the world's end. A look sends them home heart-broken. "He looked at me and never smiled; I shall never hold up my head again." The susceptibility of these lambs of the fold to be hurt, to be wounded and grieved, is something surprising. Their feelings are as sensitive as the sensitive plant, and all the organs of sense, the power to perceive, the capacity to receive acute pain, are fully alive! Indeed, they appear to an impartial observer to be on the look out for injuries, glad to be made martyrs, willing to suffer, if by any means they can

have somewhat against you, beloved. They are always *slighted*—treated with disrespect—did not receive the attention they ought—went home quite upset—never was hurt so much in their lives—should not have thought it of them—never mind, they can bear it—not the first time they have been wounded—people don't seem to study other people feelings, they don't.

There is Mrs. Fumbleword and her daughters that sit on my right near the reading desk, beloved. That old lady is always in hot water. Somebody has said some unkind word about one of her daughters and she will not go under the scandal—she is determined to bottom it—her dear child shall not have such a slur thrown on her character, and she, her mother, not speak! No, indeed; she will bring Mrs. Quiet's washerwoman face to face with Jane Brimstone's sister, and make them both prove their words. Mrs. Fumbleword and her daughters have not been to Church for seven Sundays, and they told one of the churchwardens that they would never come to the place again until it was cleared up!!! If they had been well off it would not have been said about them; but never mind, perhaps they gave as much to the Church as some that make such a show. The old lady was heard to say to her *dear* children, "Ah, my dears, if you could pay as well as them Miss Tittletraps, *nasty marms*! you would be noticed more; but because you are poor, my dears, and your

poor dear father is dead, we are slighted in this way. I feel it very much, and I am sure I cannot go to Church any more. Go there to be looked at and pointed at? no, my dears, we will bear it. I know it is very hard for you, but never mind, it will come home to them; we may be better off some day——." And the beauty of it was, beloved, that I came in for a share of the old lady's tongue. "Yes," she says, "and our minister ought to be ashamed of himself that he don't turn them out of the Church. If a poor person had said half as much about anyone as them Miss Tittletrap's have said about my dear children they would have been put out long ago. I spoke to him the other day as I met him near the vicarage and he did answer me so sharp! it quite upset me, and when I got home I had a good cry."

Now, are not these tender creatures? I would to God that their tongues were tender. They open their hearts for the arrow and then mag from morning till night that they are wounded.

I will just tell you what happened to myself. A youth of about seventeen years of age came to my house and wished me to write him a recommendation to the Head Master of the High School, so I said to the young gentleman, "You refer them to me, and I will write you a good charater—one that will get you the preferment." "Thank you, sir," he said, and that it was not wise to carry a written recommendation, as people might think that he had written it

himself, and we both laughed. I said, "you refer them to me, and it will be all right."

Well now, if that young gentleman did not go home and tell his mother that the minister said, "No, I will not write you a recommendation; people will think you forged it." "Well," said his father, "if that's the opinion he has of you, we will never go to the Church again." And the mother told me the other day that they had all been heart-broken ever since, and could not rest! I told her that she and her husband and the son and all were very foolish, that I had only acted like a gentleman to the youth, and advised him the best I knew how, and if they were so silly to take offence when none was intended they must be offended, and the old girl, beloved, began to mouthe me in the streets, so that I was glad to get away from her, stupid woman; and there was another thing she wanted to say, but I said I could'nt stay any longer with her, so I waved her off and came away!

Just like them Pluckbirds, you remember, my beloved, that family that used to sit where old farmer Jones sits, they left off coming to Church because I did not go down and shake hands with the young ladies every Sunday. They told me once half in tears that they had been to Church for three Sunday and I had not noticed them, that I had even passed them to speak to someone else and had not spoken to them. What had they done? It made them so unhappy that

one of the girls could get no sleep for two nights—their old Minister was so different, and they felt it so much—the Minister must have something against them to treat them like that, that was certain.

Do you know that these tender-skinned ones make me so disgusted sometimes, that I feel inclined to preach right at them, but of course I cannot do that because they have absented themselves, pretty beauties ! I have a great love for them, you may depend. A man like me with a large Church full of people needs to have fifty flat irons all going at once to smooth down the ruffled feelings of the worshippers. I ought to carry round with me in my visits some of the American new Rectifying Plasters, to clap on when the tender ones have received offence. A few bottles of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup would be highly useful among many of the tender-hearted. Bless their precious souls ; they always have a nail in their boot ; something always scratches them ; they always have some business in court ; some matter to prove ; someone has insulted them ; someone slighted them ; they can see they are not wanted ; other people can be made a fuss with ; they should not have minded if the compliment had been passed ; they could not have gone, still they might have been asked. It takes me half my time to pour oil on the troubled waters ; there was my Churchwarden took offence last Sunday, because the Pew-opener put a young man in his pew who winked at his eldest daughter. Then the Pew-

opener said if she could not have the liberty to put in who she liked after the service began, without going to whisper for permission, she should give up, and we might find someone else. So I should think we shall neither have Churchwarden nor Pew-opener at Church for sometime, but I will get our Brother Ever-smile to go and see them, and he had better take a smoothing iron, a plaster, and a bottle of syrup with him !

Some of these delicate creatures have such long tongues ; they preach how cruelly they have been served, everybody turns their backs on them ; they could say plenty if they liked, but no, they would rather suffer than make any unpleasantness. There was a Free Church Minister over in Scotland, who wore rather long bands, and one of these tender feeling persons went into the vestry to speak to the Minister—it was a sister saint, beloved ; she told him she had attended his Church for a long time and she should be very loath to leave it, but she had something on her mind, and it troubled her—she could not sleep at nights for it, it was before her whenever she came to worship, she did not like to name it to him, she hoped he would not be offended. “ Well, well,” said the Minister, “ tell me what it is and if I can help you I will. “ Well, sir,” she said, “ I, I, cannot bear to see your bands so long, they are three inches longer than all the rest of the Scotch Ministers, and it makes me so unhappy, I have no peace.” The Minister handed her a pair of scissors which he kept



on a little shelf to cut his nails. "Their," said he, "now, just cut them to your liking." "Oh, sir, you are very kind I am sure, may I cut them?" "O certainly, cut away." And she cut them down to her own length, and gave the scissors back to the Minister. "Now," said he, "I have something on my mind, which troubles me." "Indeed, Sir," said this tender creature. "Yes," said he, "it makes me feel very miserable." "Pray tell me, sir," said she, and if I can help you I will." "Well," said he, looking very black at her, "I think your tongue is too long, and I should like to cut a piece off, its longer than any tongue I have ever met in this land before." She left the Vestry!!!

There's a good many that want their tongues clipping!!! the tender-hearted lambs, they do! I have met a few in my time that I should like to have operated upon. Any clergyman that can please everybody is a wonderful man. People want so much nursing that it becomes quite laborious I can assure you, for no sooner do you make Mr. A. all right than Mr. B. is all wrong. You get back to Church Miss Flanders, and off goes Peter Stamtity. One might have nothing else to do but put the crooked things straight, and smooth the rough places.

If people are so absurdly ridiculous to be constantly plunging themselves into hot water, they must certainly remain their and scald. I have often

scalded myself in trying to pull them out. So I advise you not to take too much care of these tender-breasted people, its impossible to keep them in good tune ; if they are pleased in the morning, they will be offended at night, no dependence to be placed in them—when you think to make them laugh, you wound them to the quick, they are so hurt; if you speak, you offend, and if you do not speak, they are passed by and slighted.

Such babyism in men and women is sickly. Weak-minded—narrow-minded—little-minded—evil-minded—kitten-minded—no-minded people—not worth the slightest notice in the world, they do not exhibit the splendour of divine grace, nor show out the greatness of the religion of Jesus Christ. If they possessed the fruits of the Spirit they would be bigger men and women—rise above the *little* paltry squibbles, in which we ever find them, and stand with the great and faithful—they would once and for ever shun the little tribes, or rather the great tribe of little people, with no brains and big tongues.

Some of these tender dears will be sure to see this short sermon in print, and I'll be bound they will be quite hurt when they read it, for they are sure to come to the conclusion that they are the brainless people meant. Think what a joke it will be, beloved, if some of them come to me and want to know if I meant them, for they have been unhappy ever

they read the sermon—could not rest till they came to see me. When I was a boy I learnt to say


“I’ll not easily offend,  
Nor be easily offended,  
What’s amiss I’ll strive to mend  
And endure what can’t be mended.”

I hope to see you here at our next service, beloved.

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## XX.

### THE RIGHT THING, BUT THE WRONG TIME.

 RELIGIOUS barber said to a customer whom he had well prepared for shaving with seapy face and uplifted chin, and razor in his hand, ready for operation, “Now, Sir, are you ready to die.” “Die! no, confound the fellow! what do you mean, are you going to murder me?” This barber put a proper question, but at an improper time, and so it became worse than useless.

In music, time is everything: and time is of vast importance in a thousand things besides music. He who goes to the train one minute after it has left the station, might as well have stayed at home. He who strikes when the nail is not there, can’t drive it. Two men can push the boat off the shore, but the second man always manages to get there five minutes after the other has left, so the boat sticks in the mud.

Think, beloved, of that Dr. of Divinity who preached a harvest sermon on Christmas day ; and the man who preached a sermon to sinners when there was only twenty-five Christian people present. Some people talk solemnities at a wedding, and others will talk fun at a funeral. My friend went for his rent the day after the people had cleared out. Some folks alway go too soon or too late ; when they fire, they either go under them or over them or besides them. They have only one lucifer and they strike it to light the gas before it is turned on at the main,—you know the result !

Mrs. Titrats poured the boiling water in her teapot, but quite forgot to put the tea in ; and at another time put the tea in and the water too, but a long time before the water boiled, and then could not understand for the life of her why the tea was so weak ! Slowford Gates, the farmer, had a splendid shot at a wild duck, but he could not get his gun to go off—he had omitted the powder ! and then when he did load his gun not a duck was to be seen.

I was once travelling in a railway carriage one hot day in July, and an old woman came in with a warming-pan tied up in a white pocket handkerchief. Big fires in summer and empty grates in winter don't seem just the right kind of thing. Time ! time !! time !!! He who sits up all night and snores in the noon-day sun is breaking nature's laws. When the piano is in the house the young ladies will not play

it, but when papa sells it they cry their eyes out because they haven't one to play. When the mouse is there the silly old cat is away, and when the cat is there the mouse don't come. The parish finds a coffin for a woman who was starved to death in her own house. The police officer always watches the house on the nights the thieves are absent! And when the Rev. Mr. Charles Grundy Missmark preached that famous discourse on selfishness, the most selfish member of his congregation, for whom it was prepared and delivered, was at home with the toothache!

When we have something nice for dinner nobody comes; but if we have an all-sort pie, made of bones and odds and ends, someone is sure to drop in. It is a lovely dress, but you must save it for the summer. A lady made her servant put the clothes in soak on Sunday morning ready for Monday's wash, and the servant gave notice to go in a month! Jane Tongueit always blows her husband up sky-high when he is dead drunk, but thinks it extremely wise on her part not to scold him when he is not inebriated. She might as well go and preach to the pump, and would not be in such danger of getting her head broken.

A man went to borrow £10 of Mr. C. Nipping just as that gentleman was going to bed. Mr. Nipping could not oblige him; the fact was he was too tired to be bothered. My wife sometimes wants a new dress or the money to get one with when I am in a big ill-temper.

She has to wait ! Learn to strike when the iron is hot. Make hay while the sun shines ; and don't mow on a rainy day ! Lady Lawrance cannot eat a bit of supper till it is all cleared away, then she think she could fancy a little. What a host of these miss-the-mark people there are in the world. They are always out of place. Good people doing right things, but doing them at the very worst possible time, and so fail. They have heaps of ability, but are such wretchedly bad timeists. What should be done in June they do in November. Go walking in the rain, and shut themselves up when the sun is out. They drive their nails in the sand. Sow their seeds on the rock ; and begin to try and save a few pounds when they are bankrupts. Always miss it, just too late ! One minute sooner would have done it. He keeps his engagement according to appointment, but made a mistake in the day, so went the day after, and lost the situation. These people want lessons on time. The art of doing the right thing at the time is one of the *fine* arts, and one of the finest arts in the world too. Solomon was right enough, "There is a time to speak and a time to be silent, a time to act and a time to be still." Some always speak when they should hold their tongues, and others always hold their tongue when they should speak. They miss their opportunity ; let the day of grace go by ; try to catch the coach when its a quarter of a mile ahead of them. These farmers don't sow till

sowing season is over ; and if they get a harvest, they cut it a month too early or a month too late, or else get it wet. Sure to be out of the mark. The cows give good milk, but the farmer's wife is sure to spoil it by putting it in dirty and sour tins. People who are always and ever out of time—too late or too soon. Getting on no better than that young man next door to us, who is trying to play the piano and strikes every note like the solemn tolling of a bell.

Is it not painful to remember it. There are hosts of people who are brimful of skill, have plenty of brains, much that is clever, and yet are always going to the dogs as poor rats. Why? Not because they are fools, but because they open their mouths when the cherry is not there and shut it when it is. They always go to the bank just after it closes ; and send for the doctor when its too late. These miss-the-mark folks would slice a carbuncle a week too soon and kill the patient. They gather the apples before they are ripe ; and let the plums hang till they are rotten. They do not comprehend taking their opportunity. They appear to be under the impression that all time is the same. They know nothing of aim and wait, or watch, and strike while the iron is hot. They strike plenty, but its when the iron is not there. To do a right thing at a right time would be almost as wonderful for such people as it would for angels to become soldiers. They are always out of the fun ; when the good things are about they are not present. Thousands go through

life thus ever missing their way. They reach to take the golden bowl when it is not there, and when it is near them they mind it not. Of course, they are in poverty; hard up; in trouble; can't pay the rent; never a penny above a beggar. And yet many of them are well taught in many things; but do not know their seasons—no idea of time.

It is not, beloved, how much you know, but how much you can make good use of. The season is everything. A word in season, how good it is; and what a fire a word out of season will sometimes kindle. A right act performed at an improper time is frequently ruin. You would not admire a picture when you were sleeping; nor a good meal when you had no appetite. The bed has no charms to the wakeful, but is a flowery bed of ease to the man who has toiled from early morn till night.

Watch it! watch it! Lift your gun when you see a bird, take aim. Look before you leap, and don't leap when there is no need, but do when there is, else you will go into the ditch.

I have heard of divines who take the bread and wine to dying people and some of them die with it in their mouths. That's not the time of day to take the Lord's Supper, especially for the first time. There are not many sinners who repent when they are dying.

If the devil and sin has had the best of the apple, the Lord seems to say, "Let them have the

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rest." There is a time for everything under the sun.  
Mind it, beloved.

"Take it in the nick of time,  
Then its thine."

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## XXI.

### THE BEST GOODS IN THE WINDOW!!!

A SERMON DELIVERED ON MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER  
25, 1871, BY THE HUMOROUS PARSON, IN ALL SAINTS'  
CHURCH.

"Behold, *when* we come into the land, thou shalt bind this line of scarlet thread in the window which thou didst let us down by: and thou shalt bring thy father, and thy mother, and thy brethren, and all thy father's household, home unto thee."—*Joshua* ii. 18.

**I**SRAEL had been forty years in the wilderness, had seen many wonderful tokens of Jehovah's power, had witnessed the fulfilment of His promises, and the manifestation of His goodness, had now come to the end of their journey, which had been long and attended with many miseries, but which miseries were the fruit of their wicked unbelief. All the mighty tribes passed over—the youngest, the weakest, the faintest—not one was left behind; they all crossed the Jordan while God held up the waters on the one side and let them run away on the other.

But before this, Joshua had sent two men to learn the state of Jericho's walls and gates, and they put up at an inn where Rahab was the mistress of the house, who, on learning that the king of Jericho had knowledge of these men being within his city, took great care of them, and hid them on the top of her house, covering them over with stalks of flax.

Now you can imagine the king's messengers coming to this Rahab—men of bold and dignified manner, and speaking in a tone of authority, saying, "Now, my good woman, we have heard that two men have entered the city, and have heard that they are Hebrews, and we also understand that they are in your house. Now if you don't give them up at once, it will be a serious thing for you and your family, we can assure you. So just tell us where the men are, there's a dear soul." "Dear me," said Rahab, "how glad I am you have come. Why did you not come sooner? Those men have been here, and have not been gone long; they cannot be far on the road, and if you go after them at once you will most certainly overtake them."

So away went the king's messengers along the road to overtake the spies; and away went Rahab to the roof of her house, quite out of breath, to tell the men what danger they were in. "Oh," said she, "there has been the king's messengers down stairs in search of you, and I have sent them on in pursuit. I would not have them know you were here for the

world. So, now, if we bind this scarlet cord in the window here you can let yourselves down, and get away to the mountains, and hide yourselves till the tumult is over and the pursuers have returned. Now you lower yourself down first." The first man got out of the window, and down he went to the bottom of the cord, and the second man descended in the same way. Then Rahab looked out of the window and said, "There, you are safe now; away to the mountains; but remember me when you come to take the land: one good turn deserves another." "Yes," said the men, looking up to Rahab, "if thou wilt bind this scarlet thread in the window by which thou hast let us down, no harm shall come to you in the day when we take the city."

Rahab promised to use the scarlet thread as directed, and the servants of God, for such they were, promised to be responsible for her life when Jericho should be taken.

The men returned to Joshua, and Israel surrounded the mighty walls of Jericho. The priests, bearing the Ark of God (the symbol of Jehovah's presence) went round the walls once every day, blowing their ram's horn trumpets. This they did for six days. If any of the Canaanites could see from the walls of Jericho they would no doubt have thought the priests very foolish, and would have said, "What can those Hebrews do? Look at them going round and round, blowing their ram's horns!" But on the seventh day

the priests were commanded to go round seven times, blowing their ram's horns. When they had thus encompassed the city, Joshua said, "Shout, for the Lord will give you this land this day!" The sound of the trumpets was still ringing in the air—the whole congregation shout—and the massive walls begin to move to and fro; they rock; they are being raised from their foundations; it is as if Jehovah's crow-bar was at their base. And now they fall down with an awful crash. The noise is like ten thousand thunders all ringing in the air at once. Rahab's house is saved amid the general ruin, and stands as a monument to the faithfulness of God towards those who believe on His name. The inhabitants of Jericho are so disheartened that all their strength is taken from them; they have no heart left and are easily taken, and Israel enters the promised land.

Now here is an agreement between Rahab and the two spies,—a solemn, earnest agreement that she should be saved if she attended to the instructions given her by these men, whom she had delivered from the king's messengers: the scarlet thread in the window of her house was to be the sign to Israel to save her and all in the house alive.

Jehovah hath also made an agreement with this world that whosoever is found sheltering under the red banner of the cross of Christ shall be saved. The blood-stained banner which is seen floating in the Gospel shall be the salvation and protection of every

sinner found hiding himself beneath it. The blood-shedding of Jesus is set forth as in figure, in the scarlet cord, and as these men agreed with Rahab that if the same scarlet thread be seen in her window when Jericho was taken she should be saved from destruction, so the Lord has agreed with mortal man that if he be found taking protection under the cross of Jesus, and trusting alone to the blood of Jesus, he shall be delivered from condemnation, and his soul be saved.

It has been in all time God's great cable, by which He has communicated the love of His heart to man; and through the scarlet cord has God made known that He would not only save Rahab and her household, but would also save the whole world if it was found bound round with the scarlet thread.

The scarlet thread doctrine has been blessedly PROVED a safe shelter to many. We are not at a loss for testimonials to the power and safety of Christ's atonement. Thousands have passed away from this world, leaving us the most blessed proofs of their happy safety. We have been by the bed of the dying, and we have heard them say how happy they were; we have watched them over the river Death, and up the sunny hills of Eternity, until they have been lost in the Glory. Oh yes, we know the safety there is in the scarlet cord.

Ask them in heaven how they overcame Satan, and they will answer, "We overcame him by the

blood of the Lamb." They ascribe their conquest to His death.

So, beloved, this symbol of safety shall be yours and mine; and wrapped about with it we shall be saved from all alarm and delivered in the day of Jehovah's wrath.

And now for the last part of my sermon. Where was the scarlet thread to be put? In the window. I am not sure if you will be satisfied with me giving this sermon such a heading as "The best goods in the window." I don't know if you will think such a subject fair from such a text. I know that there can be nothing better in the window than the scarlet thread; nothing will save us but this. "Why," says a man, "wont your prayers and sermons be worth something?" No, not a farthing. "Well," says another man over there, "I think my prayers will be worth something, Sir. I can pray such long prayers, why I sometimes can pray for five-and-twenty minutes, and when Brother Jonathan and I pray, we take up the whole meeting; we can pray, I can tell you." Well, that church where you are members must be greatly blessed to have such men, for my own part I like short prayers, and earnest. But short or long prayers, they are not enough to meet God with. Our prayers and repentance are all good, but they will not save us. The only thing that saves is the blood, the blood, nothing but the blood of the Son of our Father in heaven.

I will now address a few words to pulpits; I will not say to those who stand in them, but to pulpits—Hear ye the word of the Lord. O ye pulpits, when ye were first set up, it was for the exhibition of the scarlet thread; but O, ye pulpits, what have ye done with the scarlet thread? It is no longer seen in the hands of those who stand in you. True, ye are not all alike; some still have the scarlet thread there. Brethren, might not an angel come and ask many of the professed ministers of the gospel, what they had done with the scarlet thread? May ministers and churches awake, and preach and believe no gospel which is not saturated with the doctrine of the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ! In proportion as we stick to the old true gospel of God, so shall we prosper, and sinners be saved. Nothing will draw like the gospel. Nothing will save like the blood. The scarlet thread must be in the windows of our ministry, or men will not care to stop and look; it is this that will charm the eye, and save the soul; without it, we are lost to a man. O ye pulpits, exhibit the scarlet thread, and men shall come from sin to serve the living and true God.

And now a word or two to non-professors, those who do know the Lord, but who have not professed Him.

Some may say that it will do just as well if the scarlet thread be kept private, not make such a show of it. "I like," says one, "to keep my shutters up,

as it were." Ah, you would not do that if you kept a shop, if you did, not many would come to your counter. I will be bound to say that Rahab never put the scarlet cord out of her sight; she would roll it up, and lay it before her, so that as soon as she heard that the Israelites were in the land, she might put it in the window. Be as wise as she was, come out brother, sister, tell the wide world what a dear Saviour you have found.

Would you stand by now and hear your brother spoken of in ill-terms without speaking? If you were to hear a man telling another man that John Jenkins was a good-for-nothing fellow, would you not at once say, "What do you know about Mr. Jenkins?" Your blood would be too hot to keep silence; and yet you mean to keep still, and not speak up for the Lord who gave His life for you. "Well but," you say, "I do not know where to go to be a member." Well, I thought there were places enough in this town to suit everybody, particularly since I came to the town, because we suit a class who were not suited before. "Ah, but," you say, "I do not like *you* always." Don't you, indeed. Well, I am surprised; go somewhere else. "No," you say, "I do not think I can do better." Well, that is what I think too. That's right, come in among us, we will give you a right good welcome.

To put this thread in a professional window, will



keep the devil off. Now I'll tell you something—when you all want to come to church at once, the whole family, and you are afraid to leave the house, you say, “There is a gold watch in the front room, and a silver watch in the back room, and the plate is in the upper room, and valuables in every room; and I don't like to leave the house to take care of itself.” Now, I'll tell you what to do, you light the gas in the front parlour, and in the front bedroom, and in the top bedroom, and down in the front cellar, and in all the back rooms, and in every place in the house which has a window. When the thief comes, he will look and say, “There is some one sick in that bedroom, and there is some company in that front parlour, and some one is getting coals down the cellar; I'll go round to the back.” And then he sees the lights there, and then he says, “Why, there is somebody all over the house; there is a light in every room.” Had the house been in darkness, the thief might have entered. Now, I think I deserve something for telling you that. Well now, so it is with a man who loves God; if he has the light in the window, it will keep the devil off, he will be afraid to enter; let him only see the scarlet cord and he will begin to tremble: put it in the window then, brother. Besides, Satan will say to you, “You are no professor, so you can just do this sin; the minister won't say anything to *you*; the deacons will not notice you, because you have made no profession, you

know." And you will the sooner be tempted to give in to the devil, and your shop-mates will say, "What a solid old chap Tom is. Tom, do you go to church? Are you turned 'ranter'? Who is your parson?" And sometimes they may utter words which you do not like to hear. They don't know who you are or what you are, if they did they would respect you, and say, "He is a member of such a place, and one of the principal men. Don't say any bad words now, here is old Tom coming; he is a professor." You will get on best by having the right thing in the window. Let them know who you are, and whom you serve. It will help you to speak up for the Lord; but now you can't say bow to a goose.

All men keep shop, if they don't all live on the profit; and men generally exhibit in the window the goods they like best. A wicked man will have it in his face that he is living a profane life; it will be seen in his eyes, written on his lips, stamped on his nose,—his whole countenance will show the kind of goods he deals in. An immoral life creates an immoral countenance; and base, low, swearing men generally say what they are when they look you in the face. Their very dress and behaviour tell what goods they prefer. It seems to be the order of Heaven, that if men are bad and base, to hang a lantern before them, by which you see written on their brow, "Behold, a vagabond and a sinner." Yes, wicked men are obliged to have exposed in the window their character.

Let us put in the window of our lives a dignified humility. It is well for the saint to be humble; but let our humility be of that kind which has a nobility in it. We want a humility commensurate with the glorious Gospel.

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## XXII.

## TAUNTING ADVICE.

A SERMON FOR SAINTS, DELIVERED TO SINNERS.

"Call now, if there be any that will answer Thee."—*Job* v. 1.

**I**T is not easy to bear the taunts of unbelief. To be threatened with present distress or future sorrow is vexing. Those persons who lay their icy hands on every object of promise shall be painfully rewarded. The cry of "Wolf, wolf," is frequently raised when no wolf is near, you'll see—you'll find it out—mark my words. There is a set of people who go about doubting everything; they try to throw their withering blight on all that is beautiful and good; they cast a dark shadow wherever they go. These men—men of this turn of mind—would blast the most sunny prospect, and scatter their mildew if it were possible in the Paradise of God.

"Call now," say they, "If there be any that will answer Thee." You have been cared for, you have been protected and blessed. But that day has gone. It is not with you as it used to be. Call now, if there be any that will answer Thee. You have not a friend in the world; your own wife has turned against you, and to which of the saints wilt thou turn." You can hear Job saying, "As for my wife she is a fool; she talks as one of the foolish women."

I shall here observe that the man of God is sometimes inclined to believe that he is in a hopeless condition, and that all his cries for deliverance will be in vain. "Call now, call now, if there be any that will answer thee; and to which of the saints wilt thou turn." Is it not a wonderful thing that the man of God who rises so high into the glory and happiness of the religion of Christ should sink so low into the darkness of unbelief and to the borders of despair? He who enjoys so much of the presence of God should fear he is not a man of God. But so it is, many godly men are thus tried and tempted, beloved.

He who gets so low fears the past is all a delusion; his prayers so earnest and frequent, which were presented while his soul was filled with agony, all a delusion; his scalding tears which wet his cheek while his heart was repenting, all a delusion; his bright and brilliant faith, which has looked through life's blackest clouds and lighted his soul in the night

of sadness, all a delusion ; his joys which have filled his breast with the most tender and Divine feelings, all a delusion ; times of worship, when he spread his soul out before the Lord, prayed, praised, rejoiced, and adored his God, all a delusion. He sees nothing in the *present* to cheer him or to change his mind ; he fears the words of our text is true in his case, "Call now, if there be any that will answer Thee."

I hear but seem to hear in vain,  
Insensible as steel ;  
If aught is felt 'tis only pain  
To find I cannot feel.

THE FIRST call I will make is on our remembrance ; I will not stop long here, as I have several other calls to make. We know what we remember.

I remember that I was troubled about my sins ; they became a burden to me, such as I knew not how to bear ; I cried to God. Oh, I remember it distinctly—Satan, do you think I am a fool, that I don't know what I remember ? I remember last week, the week before that ; I know when my birthday comes round, and I know that I am not what I use to be, call it what you please ; I am different, I know that, and I remember when it first came upon me—my thoughts, my feelings, my ways are all different now. I cannot do as I did. The Lord has brought about a transformation, salvation, regeneration, a blessed alteration. I remember what I once was ; I know what I now am. There, then, is the first answer to the call. "Call now, if there be any that

will answer Thee." I SHALL now call on the testimony of living saints. Ask old Brother Greyhead over there if he has ever felt that nobody was troubled and tried as he is? Why you say, Sir, that's just what I should like to know, for I feel no one has such trouble, and care, and temptations as *I* have. You see the evil one tries to serve us as some men serve their donkies. Have you ever seen a donkey on the side of the high road with a long piece of rope to his leg, with a large block at the end of it, so the poor creature can only go round and round—he is confined to the one spot.

You feel sometimes that no one in this world is like you; you are just locked up to that; you cannot get away from that barren spot. But go to Brother Greyhead. "I say, Brother," say you, "Did you ever feel that no one in religious matters was ever like you?" "Oh, yes; my dear brother," says Greyhead, "I have often felt so." "Well," say you, "So have I." "Well, bless the Lord," says the old man, "then I am not alone;" and you say, "Bless the Lord," for you are not alone. What you feel, others feel; their experience for the most part is yours, and yours theirs. As face answereth to face in a glass, so doth the experience of God's people the one to the other. The Lord has one general way of leading His people. "He leads them all in paths they have not known; the blind by a way they knew not; the crooked things are made straight for all of

them, and the rough places plain." But I want to pass away from this testimony of living saints, to call upon some Bible characters. Oh, say you, that's what I want to know. Are there any of those holy men of God spoken of in His Word that had any such temptations as I have? did they ever do wrong? were they weak-minded?

Well then, we will call on Abraham. Abraham, you were in your life a very good man; you believed God, and it was counted to you for righteousness. You were a man of whom the Lord spoke very highly. Were you ever tempted to do anything that was wrong? "Ah, I was indeed. I did very wickedly at one time. I will tell you how it was." Do, Abraham, do. "Well, I was once going down to Egypt, and my wife was a very good looking woman, and I knew the Egyptians were very fond of good looking women, and I feared they would kill me for the sake of my wife, don't you see. . So I said to my wife, 'Sarah, I am afraid the Egyptians will fall in love with you, and kill me that they may have you, so *you* say you are my sister, then they will not kill me.' " So she said she was Abraham's sister, and it came to pass that Pharoah fell in love with her, and would have taken her to wife, but the Lord plagued Pharoah, and Pharoah called Abraham and said, "What is this thou hast done? Why did you not say she was your wife? See what trouble you have caused by telling such a lie." So Abraham and

his good looking wife had to pack up and be off. You see the very thing he wanted to prevent he caused by lying. Well now, Abraham, did the Lord save you? "Oh yes, He saved me just the same, bless His name." Then there is some hope for *me*: Abraham is a brother of mine. I will not rejoice in his lie, but I will in the mercy of God which forgave him. "Ah," says a brother, "that is not my case. I don't think I should do *so*, but I am troubled with a hasty temper, and I at times fear there is no one like me." Well then, let us call on Moses; he was a meek, kind, gentleman, not soon angry—a very loving brother. Let us ask Moses if ever he got into a temper. "Ah," says Moses, "I should think I did. The Israelites came to me for water—they were always coming for something. The Lord told me to smite the rock; so I took the rod and smote the rock, and I said, 'Are we to bring you water from this rock, ye rebels?' I was out of temper, I can tell you. I could have smashed the rock—they and all—and the Lord shut me out of the Promised Land for it." Did He shut you out of heaven? "Oh no; He was mercifully pleased to look over it and save me." Now then, brother, there is your answer: call now if any will answer you. See, you are something like Moses, and Moses was something like you. Ah, my dears, good men are not faultless.

. There's David: a man after God's own heart—a man in whom the Lord delighted; but oh, what a



stain he brought upon his character ! You can hear David saying, "Don't name it ; don't name it. Adultery and murder ! Oh, I don't like to think of it, it is so black and dreadful." Well, but David, did the Lord ever forgive such sin ? "Oh yes," says David, "He shut my sin out of heaven, but he did not shut me out. When the prophet came to me I said, 'I have sinned.' 'Nevertheless,' saith the prophet, 'the Lord has put away thy sin.'" See, O child of God, the rich mercy and mighty grace of the Lord to save *such* sinners. May we not hope, after such a display of loving kindness, that *we* shall be saved ? Art thou a great sinner, brother ?—see what mercy God hath !

Call now, if there be any that will answer thee. The Lord keep us from David's sin ; but should we sin, God grant us David's mercy.

WE WILL NOW CALL UPON JOB. Job, you were a prosperous man, and a man of God. The Lord said you were a perfect man—upright, eschewed evil, and feared God. Now Job, I wish to ask you if there were at any time in your life a season of trouble and darkness ? Did things seem to turn against you, as if everything was going wrong ? Why I ask is because I am, I trust, a man of God. I hope I believe in Jesus, but I am so troubled with the cares and sorrows of this life, that I sometimes wonder if I can be the Lord's, because of my troubles. Now Job, let me hear what you say. "Well then, when

I was young the Lord was pleased to smile upon me, and indeed for many years I was a great man in the Land of Uz; but there came a day when my sons and daughters were eating and drinking and the house was blown down upon them, and they were killed on the spot. My sheep and oxen and camels, and indeed all that I had, were taken from me, and I was smitten with affliction, and what made it worse, three of my pretended friends came, as they said, to comfort me, but they called me all the hypocrites they could think of, at least they tried to make it out that I must have done something very wrong else the Lord would not have afflicted me; and I had a fool of a wife, she wanted me to curse God and die, and that you know would never do." Well Job, what I want to know more particularly is, did the Lord bring you out of this great trial? "Oh yes; bless His holy name, He brought me out of it, and those three gentlemen were rebuked by the Lord. The Lord said to them, 'Ye have not spoken the thing which is true of *Me* to my servant Job,' and He commanded them to bring a sacrifice and ask me to pray for them; so I did, and the Lord forgave them their folly, brought me out of my great trial, and I had more sons and daughters, sheep and oxen, and lived more than a hundred years after it, and was richer in all things than I was before." Now poor, tried, troubled one, have you not a brother in Job, a companion in Job? Dear friend, the same

strong hand that delivered Job shall deliver thee—trust in Him. “Ah,” you say, “if He saved Job after so much trial and trouble, I *do* think He will also deliver *me*.” Oh yes, you see you are not alone in your affliction. “Call now, if there be any that will answer thee; and to which of the saints wilt thou turn.”

But some one is saying to himself, “None of these characters touch my case,. Is there, Sir, any one of the characters in God’s Word who doubted concerning the person of Christ—as to whether He was the Christ or not?” Why yes, there was John the Baptist in prison: he appeared to have some misgivings on the subject, for he sent his disciples to know if He were the Christ or not. “You go and ask; mind how you speak, speak politely, say—Art thou He that should come, or do we look for another.” Christ sent them back to say, “Tell John that the blind see, the deaf hear, and the dead are raised, and the poor have the gospel preached to them.” Now, if you have these signs of Christ’s work in you, the answer to your call on John the Baptist shall be as satisfactory to you as the answer of Christ was to John. Do you *see* ? do you *hear* ? are you spiritually raised from the dead ? and do you *hear* the *gospel*—is the gospel preached unto you ?

But there is another person who was very doubtful. After the Lord’s death the disciples said to Thomas Didymus, “We have seen the Lord.” “What !”

said Thomas. "We have seen the Lord." "Not you," said Thomas. "We have," said the disciples. "Why," said Peter, "think we don't know whether we have seen the Lord or not." "We have, Thomas," said Matthew. "I will not believe it," said Thomas, "till I put my hands in the print of the nails, and touch the place on His side where the spear went in."

Eight days after that, the Lord made a purpose visit for the sake of Thomas. He appeared in the midst of the disciples and said to Thomas, "Reach hither thy fingers, and behold my hands, and reach hither thy hand and thrust it into my side, and be not faithless, but believing." Then Thomas said unto Him, "*My Lord and my God.*" Jesus said unto him, "Because thou hast seen *Me* thou hast believed. Blessed are they that have not seen *Me* and yet have believed."

Now ye who sometimes fear ye are none of the Lord's because of your unbelief, has not the Lord visited you specially?—come to see you and bless you? Think He would take so much trouble with you if He did not love you? He saved poor Thomas and He will save you. God's own chosen disciples, you see, were some of them just as fearful as you are—you are very much as they were, and they were very much as you are.

Call now. So I will, Mr. Eliphaz. And we shall still find those in the Word of God who suffered temptation, and were oppressed by the power of sin

just as we are. We have already seen we are not without companions on the road. Bless the Lord there is an answer to our call ; we find our own likeness in many of the saints.

But there is a godly housewife here this morning who is pestered with the cares of the home circle—cooking, cleaning, preparing the children—“really,” says the wife, “I am pestered to death. I wonder at times if I should be so if I was indeed a Christian. I am so tired and bothered, I know not what to do. Nobody can be like me, surely. Is there, Sir, any one like me ?” Oh yes, my sister, I am afraid your denomination is a very large one. “Well, but Sir, is there such a case of any godly woman in the Word of God spoken of whom the Saviour saved ?” Well, you know, there is Martha. The Lord said she was cumbered about many things. “Ah,” says Martha, “I was always full of care about the house, it tried me very much, I assure you. Whenever we had a few friends I was so worried I did not seem to have a minute to live; and when the Lord was coming to dine with us I used to be in such a bustle that it took all my enjoyment away ; and when we had that supper after my brother Lazarus was raised from the dead, and Lazarus was one that sat at the table, I was so filled with anxiety concerning the supper being ready, and wondering if they would like it, and if there would be enough, that when it was over I felt quite glad; and my sister Mary would keep

saying—Don't put yourself out so ; take things more gentle—and there she would sit reading, or talking to the Master. But she took good care that she would not do much." You know there are some Marys to be found in these days who take precious good care that they will not stir themselves, beloved. If Martha will do the work she may, for Mary will not, depend on it. Well, Martha, the Lord saved you I suppose ? "Oh, He loved me just the same, you know. He said Mary had chosen the better part, and I used to think so when I was hard at work and saw her sitting doing nothing. But still the dear Lord loved me just the same." Now then, you Marthas, here is an answer to your call.

The Lord will not reject us because of our infirmities ; but He will be merciful to our unrighteousness, and will pity us in our weakness. Praise his Majesty ! I know many of our dear sisters are much troubled about the house. They could not leave the house if everything was not in order were it ever so. All the drawers must be shut, and the beds made, and the place made tidy before they leave it. I think if I were in their place I should run away and leave it. Shut the room up till Monday morning, or do it when I could, but I would not be hindered on the Lord's Day if I could help it any way. But some sisters could not do so ; they would be thinking of their untidy home and house all the service through.

Well sister, the same Lord who saved sister Martha as well as her sister Mary will save you : so ye who are teased and troubled with home cares, and sometimes deprived of the service in the house of God, remember that Martha whom Jesus loved (for Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus) is thy sister, and was just as much perplexed about household affairs as you are ; still she loved Jesus, and so do you.

I will only call upon one more, and that is Brother Paul. Paul was a great man : highly taught in the things of God, deeply taught in all the branches of the gospel, a holy zealous follower of Jesus. Now Paul, we want to know if sin was any trouble to you ? “ Yes, it was like a body of sin and death to me—a thorn in my flesh—a message of Satan—an evil-present with me—a law in my members. At one time I came to the conclusion that it was no more I that sinned, but it was sin that dwelt in me.” If, then, Paul was a man who was daily troubled with sin, who had to cry for grace to keep his body under, may not we hope to be saved by the same mercy and grace ? Ministers sometimes speak of Paul as if he knew nothing of sin. They say *Saint* Paul the Great Apostle ! *Paul*, Paul—*Saint* Paul ! He is Brother Paul, who had a wicked heart just as we have, and who had to fight againt sin and evil powers the same as we have. Now Satan don’t you tell us that we are unlike all other saints, and that no Christian is tried,

tempted, or perplexed as we are. We are not alone in our experience ; all the people of God throughout the world have very much the same things to contend with.

“Call now, if there be any that will answer Thee.” We have called, Eliphaz, and Abraham has answered, and Moses has answered, and David has answered, and Job has answered, and poor old Thomas has answered, and sister Martha has answered, and Paul has answered, and there are many more who would give an answer to the call if it were needed. Thank God we have proved Mr. Eliphaz, the Temanite, to be only a taunting adviser. Before I come to the last part of this discourse need I say that we call on God, and He answereth : the Lord God has answered our prayers many, many times. We have not been calling upon Baal nor Dagon when we have cried to our Father.

He has answered us ; He is answering us ; and He will so long as we have to call upon Him. Hence learn then that the religion of Jesus Christ is not without response. It has a blessed result ; there is a sacred consequence ; the answer is certain. Seek and ye shall find is the promise ; we seek and we *do* find ; finding is the result of seeking. Who ever sought the Lord and did not find Him ? Not a man who ever lived did so ; if we seek we shall find. To him that knocketh, the door shall be opened ; keep on knocking, brother, and soon the Lord will



come and say, "Come in ye blessed of the Lord." There shall be an answer soon. Unbelief may tauntingly say, "Call now—call now, *if* there be any that will give thee an answer." But do like Peter, keep knocking; the result is certain; it shall all be right soon; the religion of Christ is not a dead ceremony. The dullest thing on earth is religion without life or power, without response—to come and go and feel no better, no happier, no holier, this would be dull work. Thank God it is not so. When we visit the house of God we find comfort there; we come and call, the response is blessed. What grand results there are to-day from the work of the Lord. The world has been made to yield a response to the work in her midst; the preaching of the blessed gospel has not been without effect; mighty and lasting results follow it; drunkards ~~are~~ sobered by it; and light and blessedness has been spread ~~far~~ and wide.

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## XXIII.

## A LETTER,

FROM AMOS VIMPER, THE LOCAL PREACHER,

TO THE HUMOROUS PARSON.

REV. and dear Sir,—I take up my pen to write with great pleasure these observations to you.

I am quite well, as it leave me at present, thank God for it, hope you are the same likewise. Me and my Martha and our first-borned in Egypt, has been to the sea-side for a week, and lovely it was to be sure, I never see so much water before in my life, and that salt we could not drink it—our first-borned turned sick at the sight of it, and my old cream of tartar said she was half a mind to be bad herself. Coming down in that Ramsgate steamer stired up our poraged pots, till we were ready to empty them in the sea,—our first-borned did do a little of that, poor thing, she was awful bad and white as a sheet, and very thankful we all was when we got safe to land. My attention was arrested by a brother minister what did not know me to be in the same operations as issel; he looked a fine parson-like sort

of chap when you stood at a good way off; a round soft hat—a long mix stuff coat, nearly black, and a broad-breasted waistcoat, topped up with a white band under his chin, the band I think was round his throat the night before (Sunday) when he preached till he sweat, and it run over the top of his band. He used a glass for his left eye, which made him look a regular swell, and I thought he was a gentleman minister, till I happened to cast my eyes down to his boots, they was gone over at the heel, both of them, only the one on the right-hand side was the worst; the bottom of his legs was quite ragged, looked like a circular comb. When I come up to him close I see he was no better than me, and not so good, for his hands were all over ink, and great corns on his fingers instead of on his toes. Well, thinks I, that ere eye-glass of yours don't chime in with them ere boots, what's walked themselves almost out of being. I see him and two more very religious like parsons on the sands looking at the niggers. They looked on at the fun and seemed to enjoy it as other people; of course they looked very solemn, yet they were to be sure interested; but, you should have seen them when one of the black men went round with his hat, they did shake their heads and roll their eyes, and looked as sanctified as a churchyard, they appeared, just then to remember that they was sorry in looking on as they did; so off they went; indeed, we all went off just about that time, for one of them ere niggers

says: says he, "Ladies and gentlemen, our next performance will now close, and we shall take ten minutes minerals, when we shall be delighted with your perpetage," or paterage, or something like that, made a big bow, and it was all over.

While I was looking at the niggers, my old vinegarised essence of honey, and our first-borned in Egypt, had got a lovely seat right on the front of the sea. "Then," says I, as soon I found them, "them waves are all made and rolled up and let down again by the power and pleasure of the Almighty." "Then," says I, "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God"; let him look at them waves. "How solemn it is to look on them waves," says I to my charmer. "Oh, solemn be bothered," said she, "we don't want none of yer sermons now, Amos, so hold yer noise." "Why," says I, "darling, that sea is the work of God," "Of course it is," said she, "we all know that, but we arn't come here to be preached at, Amos." "No," said our first-borned, "we have plenty of that at home, we do." So I began to whistle a hymn-tune, and say no more. After we had sat there about half-an-hour, none of us saying nothing, my old delightful, says, "Now, Amos, are you going to stop here all night; lets go to our lodgings, my dear." So up we all gets and goes off to our respectable apartments, which would have been right in front of the sea if it had not been a little on one side. Howsever, we could see the mighty briney deep

from our bedroom window, which I looked at till I could'n't see it at all, it got so dark; and my old life and soul was fast asleep, so into bed I got, deeply thinking on the waves which rolled and tossed just over opposite like to our apartments. I wondered what made the waves so salt; and what caused the sea to rise and fall so much; and what made it so wide—and so deep—and so blue; and I went off to sleep preaching a sermon on the wonders of the deep. I was soon in a deep sleep, and there we both lay till morning. We should have been pretty comfortable in our new resting-place, only them servants was the slowest and dirtiest maddams that I ever sawed in all my borned days. I must say that my temper *did* rise, she brought up the fish and then kept us waiting fifteen minutes for hot water. It was as bad as waiting for an undertaker's coach. The first night all the candlesticks was put in one room, and no matches; indeed, there was only one box for all the house. And our teapot was suffering from a stricture of the gullet, and so gave forth very slowly like. Altogether, I must say them people was very dirty. When anyone undertakes to take in lodgers, they ought to have things nice-like to make them happy. We paid a lot of money for the use of the rooms, we did, and the accommodation was not up to our own. "Well," says I, "old England for ever." Says I, "Our humble cottage is as good as this, any day." "Yes," says my delight and joy, "and a great deal

better. Bringing people to a place like this, one would think you had more sense, Amos, they would." "O, its just like our father, it is," said our first-borned. "Well," says I, "I can't help it, its no use blowing me up, it ain't." "No," says my Martha, "we know it ain't any good at all blowing you up, we know that, we do."

We managed to stop in this delightful place, with this first-rate accommodation, for a week, and enjoyed ourselves very much indeed. I shall never forget them waves, I shan't. I almost composed a hymn, I did, on the sands. Very fond of poetry I am. I only made a few lines. Do you think they will do for your new hymn book? If you think they will, I will write some more and send them to you.

Down in the bathing vans,  
Floating in the sea,  
Riding on the waves, boys,  
Such a jolly spree.  
Down among the sea-weeds,  
Swimming with your hands,  
Rolling in the briney deep,  
A week on Ramsgate Sands.

(I can write more if needed).

Do you know, Sir, I felt very thankful for the week at Ramsgate. What a mercy, thought I, that I can bring my essence of joy with our first-borned in Egypt to spend a week at Ramsgate. And, altogether we spent a good bit of money, yet,

I was so full of thankfulness that the privilege was ours like to go. I told Martha what I felt, and she said, "O, stuff, people ought to come out once in the year, thankful or not thankful; you turn everything to religion, Amos, and talk so fussy about things. I don't see what there is to make such a fuss about, if people can't come to the sea-side that's sober all the year round like a weather-cock, it is a pity." "I know I should not like it if I did not come, I can tell yer," said the first-borned. "Yes, my darlings," said I, "but you should give thanks for everything. Don't you know that?" "Oh, of course, we know," said Martha, "we are not fools, Amos." "I know, you are not, my own persuasion, but I thought to myself, if you ain't fools, you ain't saints, you ain't, or you would be thankful for them beautiful waves, you would."

We came off from Ramsgate on Saturday morning, with the 11.15 train, which leaves Ramsgate some time before twelve o'clock. A coming up in the same compartment was a lady and a girl. "Them lodgings at Ramsgate," says she, "are shocking." "Why," said she, "I paid 18s. for one bedroom and a sitting room. I am sure that everything is frightfully dear—worse than they are in London a deal. See how the sun and the sea-air has caught my nose," said the lady. Her nose was as red as a brick and quite as rough. The lady went on talking. "The rates," said she, "are something fearful now; and

they are going to put them School Boards on us. I am sure I don't know how we shall ever get the money to pay them with, and that's the truth. Everything is dreadful dear, and the rent and taxes are awful." "It is very nice," said I to her, "to come down here for a week and see the beautiful waves of the sea." "Yes," said she, "it's a poor heart that never rejoices. A fortnight don't hurt no one," said the lady, as she took out her brandy bottle to have a little weak brandy and water, which she kept taking all the way up, and eating biscuits. People seem to think that as soon as they are seated in a railway train that they must have some food and drink at once.

Someone said, "That's Mr. Spurgeon's place of worship we passed," as we went by it. "Ah," said the lady with the blistered nose, "see how he's got on; only get your name up, Sir, that's all; your sure to do then." "They tell me," said she, "that 14,000 or 15,000 people go to hear him every Sunday." Well, I thought, if that be true, 10,000 of them cannot get in his place, because the Tabernacle holds only 5,000 people; but I only said, "Ah, yee, wonderful." "Why," said the lady, "they go from all parts to hear him; just as if there were not other men as good as he. Like some people will go to one shop and buy their things; go a mile, when they could get them just as good at home." Well, I thought, mercy is often under our very nose when



we fear she is a long way from us. "I dare say, he is a good man," said the red nosed lady. "Kind to orphans and poor people, I am told. Still, I think plenty can preach besides him." Just then she pointed out the house of a woman-murderer, who was not hanged. "There," said she, "that's where she used to live; and now she is out, and as free as we are." "Law," she says, "there is no law; why if she had been a poor woman, they would have hung her like a cat, but because she had lords and dukes on her side, she got off. Look how they served the Claimant." "Do you think," said I, "that he was the right man." "Oh, to be sure I do," said the lady. "He was the Claimant right enough, poor fellow; and they are robbing him out of his property, you may depend; but that's not done with yet, no, no, there will be another trial as soon as they get any clue. And how shamefully they have served Dr. Kenealy. "Why," said a lady sitting opposite the lady with a blistered nose, "he has had to take his trial for it, has he not?" "Yes, yes," said the other. "Shameful! shameful! But they say that that Orton is to be home in twelve months' time. I think Dr. Kenealy said so; that would make them have a new trial at once. The train stopped, and the talking lady got out; and me and mine come on home. Our neighbours, Mr. and Mrs. Betterit, went with us, and made themselves very pleasant I must say.

In my sermon last Sunday, I told the congregation the goodness of God in them sea-waves—how beautiful they roll up and down and never give over. “If you want to see the wonderful works of God,” said I, “go to the sea-side where I have been, and see the lovely waves, and his wonders in the deep.”

Dear Sir, if you get out like with your home and think everyone does better than you like, go to Ramsgate for a week, and when you come back you will be thankful for your dear old home, for there is no place like home. But I have wrote too much for a letter, so must conclude with best love to all.

Your brother and friend,

To serve at any time,

AMOS VIMPER.

Please excuse all blunders as my pen is not one of the best.

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SNUGGLETON HALL, JULY 29, 1874.

TO MR. AMOS VIMPER.



Y dear Sir,—I received your long but welcome letter this evening. I am exceedingly pleased to hear that you have had such a pleasant visit to Ramsgate, and that your dear wife and first-born child have enjoyed it so much. I am delighted to find that you, my dear brother, are in such a thankful state of mind. It is, indeed, as you

very properly say, a wonderful sight to look on the expanse of the courageous ocean. There we behold the footprints of the Son of Man ; and there we are reminded of the deep wisdom of God, which is like a sea without bottom or shore.

I am afraid the lines you have so kindly sent me will not be just the right kind of thing for the new hymn book ; still they show that Mr. Vimper has the power to compose.

We are all well in this house.

No more from your very loving friend,

THE HUMOROUS PARSON.

MR. AMOS VIMPER.

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## XXIV.

## TONGUE AND MOUTH.

**D**EPEND upon it, beloved, that much depends upon the style in which the Word is preached.

Men who are blind to this, are not mighty men in preaching, and there are more than twenty-five to be found in the world who are not mighty in preaching. In these days more attention is paid to *brain* than *tongue*. If a man be a learned preacher, if he has a *mind*, if he is a great scholar, it is thought that he *must* make a fine minister. But, beloved, this is where they make the mistake. A man cannot be a fine minister without a fine *tongue*. A good *mouth* is as much required as a good mind—the mind holds it, but the mouth tells it. The *mind* cannot tell it of itself. A little mind and a big mouth will get along very well, but a big mind and a *bad* delivery makes a sorry preacher of the Gospel.

I am sure our colleges ought to look into the mouths of the young men to see that they are not tongue-tied, or that they have not an extension or contraction of that most useful little member. What good can a fellow do in preaching who has not voice enough to be heard, or who cannot talk plain. Some

very learned brother who speaks as if he had a great lollipop under his tongue. A man may be the finest brain teacher that ever looked out of a pair of eyes, yet if he has not a good mouth and a good tongue in it (the right size would be about six inches by two-and-a-half inches) he is of little service in the pulpit or on the platform. They would not have him on the stage, and a man *should* have a mouth good enough for the devil to serve God with.

The mind is our powder but the mouth is our cannon. Our powder and shot will do little service if it be not delivered from the mouth of a good cannon. The world is not so much in want of great thinkers as great talkers. Christ's work will be done by preaching. How can they preach without a mouth! A man to be a good preacher wants a good ivory box. All his teeth, if his own are worn out let him get some new ones fitted, and fitted well, his mouth must do it. Tongue labour, talk, speech, the thunder of language, the still small voice, but still it must be a clear voice, and all the better if it be a pleasant voice, a musical voice. It should not be a voice in a man's nose nor in his belly! nor rough in his throat; nor with teeth shut and kept in his mouth, but should be sounded out—right out in the midst of his congregation—as clear and strong as the case may demand.

Men are going mad over *what* to say. Few seem to think *how* they shall say it. Plenty of men rave

when they should be calm—and are calm when they should explode like a clap of thunder. Some preachers always cry, but they do not often make others cry. Men will speak of the most solemn things in the most careless style, and announce their chapter and text with a voice *grave* enough for the grave's side.

If I had a college full of young men who were preparing for the ministry I should often lecture them on the powers of the human tongue! There are plenty of solemn parsons who would alter their tone if they were overboard with their head above water. "It was *how* she said it," said a young man when speaking of his mother's last words to him. And you may make up your mind, beloved, it is how we parsons say it too!!! Some men might talk for a month and make no impression. They don't know *how* to say it. They have the right thing but they so mar it in setting it forth that no one cares to partake. Put the best printed sermons in the mouths of bad speakers and who cares to listen. But put the most common place discourse in the mouth of a fine spokesman and it will charm the ear.

A good player will make a bad instrument sound well, but a bad player can't bring much out even if he has the most costly instrument at his command! The preacher needs skill, articulation, pronunciation, and *toneation*! Whatever else he has he *must* have good, clear, powerful elocution. He must study

the proper and skilful use of lips—tongue—throat—and voice. He will sometimes speak in a whisper, and at other times as if he were giving command to five thousand soldiers. An auctioneer with a bad delivery can't sell the best goods, while an auctioneer with a fine voice can sell bad ones well.

The great qualification, therefore, for our beloved brethren, dearly beloved, is mouth—speech—tone—voice—utterance; what can they do without these? They can only do what a man told a preacher to do the other day. The preacher kept saying, "And what shall I more say, and what shall I more say." Some one shouted out, "Say amen!!!" And that, my dear ones, is all these bad-spoken gentlemen can do. They must say amen; it would be better if they did, would it not? I think, my children, that a preacher should have clean lips, that the people might *see* what he says; and a clear tone that they might *hear* what he says. He should speak with zeal, that they may *feel* what he says. He should use great plainness of speech, that they may *understand* what he says. He should speak cheerfully, that they may *receive* what he says; and attractively that they may *retain* what he says. He should speak like a man, and not like a parson; unless he is a humorous parson!!! Mouthology—tongueology—voiceology; I am quite sure these, my beloved, ought to be studied by the noble order of the black cloth and gown very much more than in the past. I should

not be surprised one of these fine Sundays if some rude man were to call out, "Give it mouth, mester; we don't hear what yer say down at this end." What's the use telling a man his house is on fire if he don't hear you. We must hammer it into them, beloved, I am sure. Make them hear it and understand it; press it on them; bring it near them; sound it out aloud; make it ring in their ears, and dwell in their hearts, and stay in their minds. It is the preacher's work, and he is to do it with his mouth. He will go to his mind for thought, and to his heart for warmth, and send both forth a living stream in burning words—loudly uttered for the sake of the deaf, to save the world.

Speak out with power of voice

The royal truths of God;

The nations shall rejoice

To hear them spread abroad.

Oh preach the word like men of old;

Now preach it, sirs, when you are told.

A good preacher will be found with a large heart, and a large mouth, and a large gospel; but should not often be found with large words, for large words do not smite large sinners. Great sinners are brought down best and quickest with small words dipped in the holy fire! The preacher's study should be his workshop. There he should make his powder and shot; prepare his bow and arrows. The public service is his battle-field; let him there take aim with great care; point his gun, aim his bow, with



the full determination to bring down the foe—kill the enemy—save the sinners, and bring glory to the Nazarean King. To do this, the minister must love God; love his work; and make himself understood and heard. Let no minister earn for himself the elegant inscription for the front of his *pulpit*, “Mangling done here.”

Amen, amen, amen, as the county clerk said.









